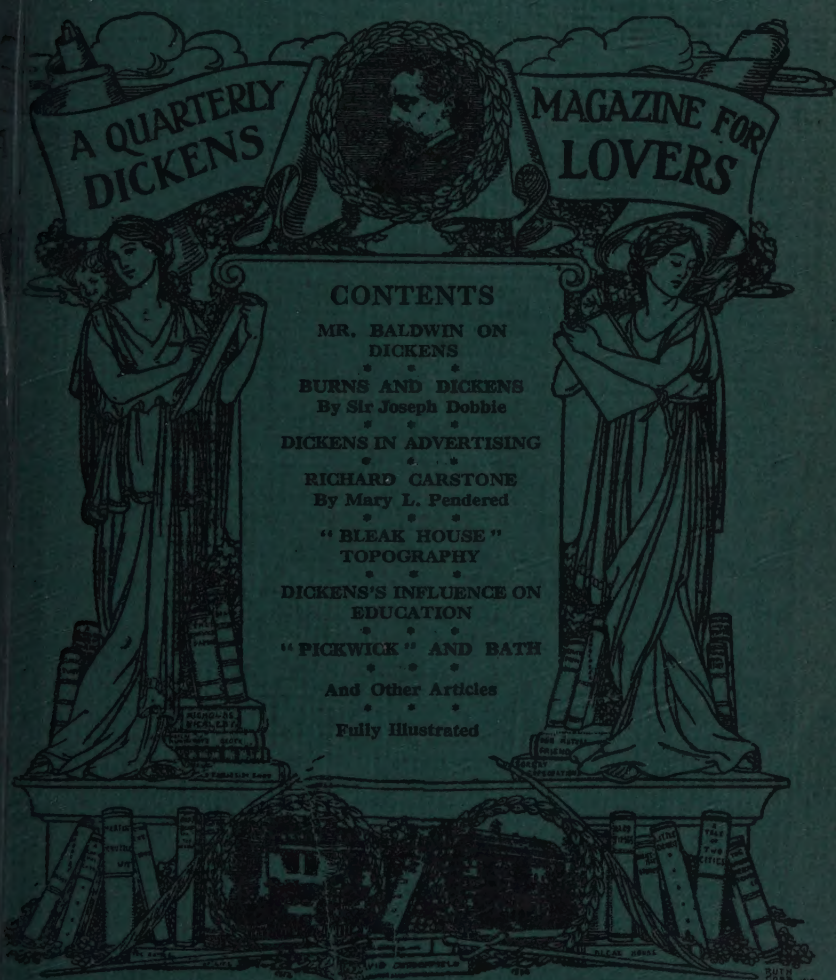


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EDITED BY WALTER DEXTER

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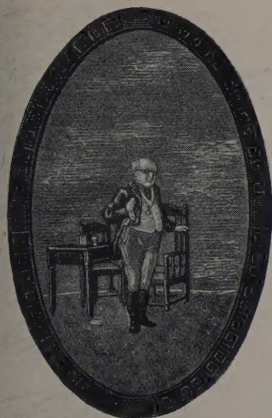
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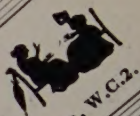
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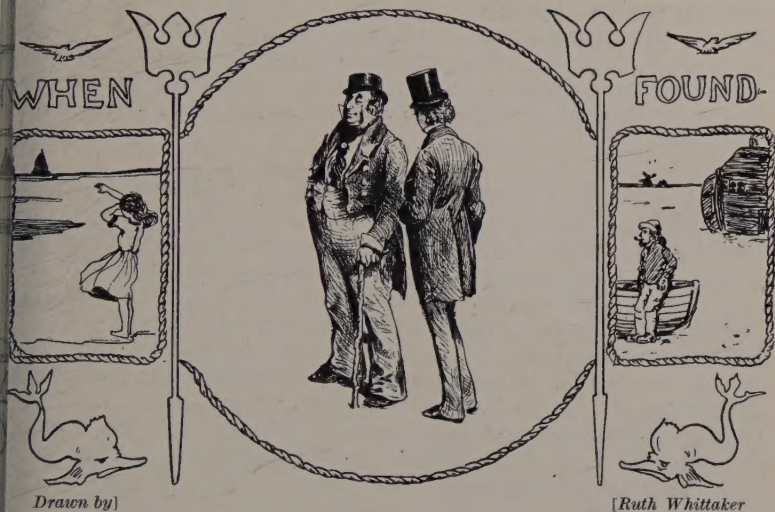
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Drawn by]

[Ruth Whittaker

The Bath Waters.

"Have you drunk the waters, Mr. Weller?"

"Once," replied Sam.

"What did you think of 'em, sir?"

"I thought they was particklery unpleasant," replied Sam.

"Ah," said Mr. John Smauker, "you disliked the killibeate taste, perhaps?"

"I don't know much about that 'ere," said Sam. "I thought they'd a very strong flavour o' warm flat irons."

* * * * *

Surtees.

Apart from Mr. Baldwin's reference to Jorrocks in his speech at the Birthday Dinner, reported on another page, there appears to be a revival in the sporting novels of R. S. Surtees, judging from the sumptuous edition of his works in ten volumes, at £17 10s. Od., issued in January last. Mr. Jorrocks, being a cockney devotee of the hounds, more than one commentator has recently sought to connect him with Dickens. The usually well-informed "Sunday Times," in referring to "Handley Cross," stated: "It is likely that had it not been for this tale of cockney sporting life, Dickens would not have found the right setting for Mr. Pickwick," and a writer in "The New Statesman" says it is "Jorrocks's Jaunts" to which we owe Pickwick, and perhaps Dickens himself. Both statements are rather wide of the mark. "Handley Cross" was not published until 1843, long after *Pickwick*, and the humorous trial scene in it to which Mr. Baldwin referred could not therefore have suggested either of the two trials in *Pickwick*. In regard to Jorrocks, he appeared serially in "The New Sporting Magazine," of which Surtees was the editor, from its foundation in 1831 until September, 1834. We have never before heard it suggested that these admirable

stories gave rise to *Pickwick*. If anything originated this immortal story it was the drawings by Seymour, as we all know; and Seymour did not illustrate *Surtees*. "*Jorrocks's Jaunts*" was not published in book form until 1838, and the illustrations accompanying the bound volume were by Alkin. Readers of "*Handley Cross*" will find more than one reference to Dickens in the book, and not a few Wellerisms.

* * * * *

City On Wednesday, March 25th, at the famous George and
Pickwick Vulture in George Yard, Lombard Street, the members
Club Comes of the City Pickwick Club celebrated their twenty-fifth
of Age. birthday by a dinner, at the invitation of Mr. J. I. Bishop (Mr. Pickwick) and Mr. J. E. Gardner, son of the late John Gardner, landlord of the George and Vulture and one of the original members. There were several well-known Dickensians among the guests, including two past Secretaries of The Dickens Fellowship, Mr. T. W. Hill and Mr. C. H. Green. I had the honour of proposing the toast of the Immortal Memory, and Mr. Frank Johnson added to the admirable entertainment provided by giving Sergeant Buzfuz's speech in the famous Trial. It was a truly memorable evening and one I shall look back upon with the utmost pleasure.

* * * * *

Tolstoy's An interesting story attaches to the accompanying
Appreciation letter which Tolstoy wrote to Mr. J. W. T. Ley in 1904.
of Dickens. One would have thought that the sender would have forgotten such a letter; but Tolstoy, it appears, was very

Dear Sir,
I think that Charles Dickens
is the greatest novelist
of the 19 century, and that
his works impressed with
the true christian spirit
have done and will continue
to do a great deal of good
to mankind.

Yours Truly
Leo Tolstoy.

2 Febr. 1904.

methodical, and had a copy made of all his letters. The Soviet Government is publishing a Tolstoy's letters (some thirty volumes) and early this year made a special request to Mr. Ley for a photographic copy of this tribute to Dickens for inclusion in the work. The Editor of these letters informs Mr. Ley that Tolstoy heard Dickens read in London in 1861 but was too diffident to make himself known to him; also that Tolstoy in his letters, makes more references to Dickens than to any other European author.

the Original Inspector Bucket. The pursuit of Dickensian knowledge continues to have its surprises. It has always been accepted as a fact that in drawing the character of Mr. Bucket in *Bleak House*, Dickens drew upon the methods and experiences

of Inspector Field, with whom he was very friendly, but Mr. W. J. Coffey has drawn my attention to a letter in "The Times" of September 20th, 1853, in which Dickens, writing from Boulogne, says: "I observe two statements from a country paper copied into your columns of Saturday last and therefore made important. They represent me as having availed myself of the experiences of that excellent police officer, Mr. Inspector Field, in *Bleak House*, and also as having undertaken to write the said excellent officer's biography. Allow me to assure you that amid all the news of "The Times" I find nothing more entirely and completely new to me than these two pieces of intelligence."

The article Dickens referred to was extracted from the "Bath Chronicle" and is entitled "A Detective in his Vocation," and the words of which Dickens complained were as follows: "Mr. Charles Dickens has made much use of Mr. Field's experiences in Inspector Bucket of *Bleak House*, and is, we understand, engaged in writing his life which, it would seem, has been replete with adventures."

It is interesting to note that the case on which Inspector Field was engaged and which formed the subject matter of the article was heard at the Gloucester Assizes, when a certain Tom Provis of Warminster attempted to prove that he was Sir Richard Smyth, of Ashton Court. We wonder if reading this article suggested a name for one of the characters in *Great Expectations*?

* * * * *

Mr. Sapsea's House. The Rochester Corporation is to be congratulated on its splendid spirit in purchasing the three Tudor houses in High Street—formerly all one house—standing "over against the Nun's House" (already Corporation property) and known to all Dickensians as "Mr. Sapsea's House," and also as the seed establishment of Uncle Pumblechook. Its cost (£4,250) is money well invested, as the loss of this picturesque portion of Rochester's High Street could have been irreparable.

* * * * *

Chivery's Shop Gone. Not so happy has been the fate of the little shop "round the corner of Horsemonger Lane,"

where John Chivery "assisted his mother in the conduct of a snug tobacco business." It may once certainly have been, as Dickens said was, "a rural establishment" with a life-size Highlander on a sack on the door-post, "like a fallen cherub that had found it necessary to take to a kilt." As this generation has known it, however, it possessed little of the romance the pages of *Little Dorrit* gave



to it; and now this one time shop of many memories, but for many years a rather squalid house, has gone, and as Dickens said of the Marshalsea, "the world is none the worse without it."

* * * * *

A Remarkable Tribute. I was very disappointed when I read that "Personalities and Powers," by the Swedish author, Dr. Knut Hagberg, had been withdrawn from circulation, presumably owing to a chapter dealing with Lord Kitchener, because I understand that, in addition to studies of such actualities as Gladstone, Cecil Rhodes, John Stuart Mill, one chapter was actually devoted to—Samuel Pickwick! It is doubtful if such a tribute has ever before been paid to a character of fiction.

* * * * *

Charles Dickens—Loyalist. A Bath reader informs me that in a loyal address to King George II., of Huntingdonshire men who subscribed to a fund to fight the Pretender appears the name "Charles Dickens, £5."

* * * * *

Was it Josiah? It says much for the great interest taken in *The Dickensian* to find that Miss Stoddart, of the "British Weekly," had read through the whole of the Spring number the day after publication, and telephoned me to enquire if Josiah was really the Christian name of Mr. Stiggins, as Judge Jameson had stated it to be on page 132. I was sorry I could not confirm that Josiah was his name, at which I think Miss Stoddart was glad, because she said it was too good a name for so bad a man. Just another correction of a slight error in the same article; Sir Arthur Helpston was not a Judge, but Clerk to the Privy Council.

* * * * *

"More." The Press, always anxious to seize on anything relating to Dickens, has contained many references of late to photographic and otherwise, to St. George's Workhouse, Southwark, threatened with demolition, stating it to be the workhouse where Oliver Twist asked for more. There is, of course, no reason for such association, as Dickens distinctly stated the workhouse was some eighty miles from London.

A writer in the "Evening Standard" was inclined to be a little superior in dealing with the matter. "As there never was any Oliver Twist," he wrote, "this clinging to 'authentic' scenes of his life is rather curious, but it is the kind of thing that occurs especially in connection with Dickens. Every day during the holiday season charabanc loads drive out from Yarmouth and solemnly view 'the birthplace of David Copperfield.'" Surely it is a wonderful tribute to Dickens, that so much romance should be weaved about the places he mentions in fiction that they often possess a stronger appeal than even the historic places of fact.

* * * * *

Our Largest Branch. Heartiest congratulations to the Toronto Branch which celebrated its Silver Birthday at a banquet on

May 9th. Mr. J. Hunt Stanford, the President, writes me that the season just concluded has been one of the most successful they have ever had, the average attendance being over one thousand. This speaks highly for the nature of the meetings, since usual experience teaches us that only a small proportion of the membership may be relied upon to attend the meetings regularly.

* * * * *

Further Silver Birthdays. Both the New York and Chester (Pa.) Branches have celebrated their twenty-fifth birthdays, and to them we also offer our congratulations and best wishes for continued prosperity.

* * * * *

To Brethren of the Craft, as well as those who have not been initiated into Masonry, will be interested to know that our President, Sir Alfred Robbins, has written a history of "English-Speaking Freemasonry," which Ernest Benn, Ltd., have published. There could be no more fitting chronicler than Sir Alfred, who has been the Chairman of the Board of General Purposes of the United Grand Lodge of England for over seventeen years.

WALTER DEXTER.

MR. PICKWICK'S BATH

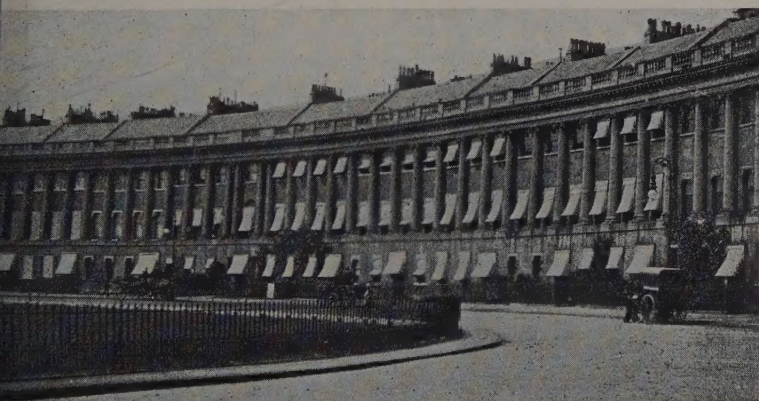


Photo by]

[W. Dexter

I.

As Mr. Pickwick contemplated a stay of at least two months in Bath, he deemed it advisable to take private lodgings for himself and friends for that period ; and a favourable opportunity offered for their securing, on moderate terms, the upper portion of a house in the Royal Crescent.

MR. PICKWICK'S BATH



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II.

[Walter Dexter

Statue of Dickens in the Pump Room, the work of Percy Fitzgerald.

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MR. BALDWIN'S TRIBUTE TO DICKENS

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YEARS ago, in a speech on some matter—I forget what it was—I said that any man, be he duke or dustman, whose eyes lighted on at some such quotation as “What makes him go sideways?” that man was my brother. That question was first asked in the immortal pages of *Pickwick*; has been asked by many since, and by none more frequently than those who lead one of the great parties of State.

It was indeed a temptation when you mentioned one or two names dearer and dearer to us than brother or sister, that I should follow you and choose some from among that curious galaxy that was left to us by Charles Dickens. But if I once began I should never stop, and it is desirable at a function of this kind that there should be a term to the oration; and I propose very inadequately to throw out, perhaps, one or two lines of thought which I think may be pleasantly and usefully pursued by us as lovers and students of Dickens. I think it is well to bear in mind, especially as now nearly a century separates us from the beginning of his literary work, and in view of the fact that he still shines as great a sun in the firmament as at any time in his life—I think it is well for us to remember the circumstances of the age in which he began to write.

So many writers, as the environment of their period has changed, have become old-fashioned, and they are read perhaps with more curiosity than pleasure. And very often in interpreting the works of some writer who has been dead for a long time, before you can begin to understand what he is writing about, you must of necessity acquire some familiarity with his period, his times, and his environment.

Now Dickens began to write when the industrial revolution was in full blast, and I think that is a key to a great deal that is in Dickens, and the cause of certain things for which some criticize his works. It is difficult for us—except for those who have in their work to deal with the economic problems of the present day—to visualize what the England of the 'thirties and 'forties was. It was about that time that you might have read notices posted in various parts of England:—“To the overseers of the poor and to families desirous of settling in Macclesfield. Wanted between 4,000 and 5,000 persons between the ages of 7 and 21.” It was the day when Nassau Senior tells us that houses, streets, and towns were being built with the utmost disregard of everything except the advantage of the speculative builder; when in one town a whole street was built along the course of a ditch, because in that way deeper cellars could be secured without the cost of digging. And those cellars were not for goods, they were for human beings. And not one soul in that particular street escaped the cholera when the epidemic came to England. It was the period of the Sadler report on factory work. It was the period of which Disraeli wrote in “*Coningsby*,” the period of which Mrs. Browning wrote in “*The Cry of the Children*,” and the period of which Mrs. Gaskell wrote in “*North*

and South." And the economists looked on and they saw that was good; and Mr. Roebuck, whose name will never be forgotten, asked if the world had ever in the past seen anything like it. He said: "Nothing, and I pray that our unrivalled happiness may last."

Also, it was an age in which everybody walked about in a twilight compared with this age of electric light, when the streets and the interiors were, *ipso facto*, unlighted. I cannot recall anywhere in Dickens a brilliantly lighted interior. It was an atmosphere in which plots, conspiracies, and dark deeds and poverty would have a natural setting. You cannot imagine an electric light on Mr. Tulkinghorn's staircase! You cannot imagine the opening that you get in so many novels to-day—"The body was found in the brilliantly lighted office" and "The Inspector switched off the light on leaving the room." We cannot realise the sanitary distance we are from those days of reeking typhus and cholera, the drainless, bad-water-drinking generation, the graveyard atmosphere.

Into that was projected by the will of Heaven a genius—one of the greatest creative geniuses of all time. He was, when he started, the divine reporter with a loaded camera and his eye on the object. And the tremendous influence of the man is seen in the succeeding generation, when the young men of the 'fifties and the 'sixties, compressed out of any natural style or direction they might have had, all copied him; and many of them, as so often happens, ruined themselves in the experiment. The pages of "Good Words" and "Once a Week" are full of such efforts. They wrote about the death rate, about sewage, and all the subjects that naturally occurred to people in the age which I am endeavouring to describe.

You have a curious proof of this if you doubt my words. You may remember in Browning's "Bishop Blougram's Apology" that the Bishop addresses Gigadibs:

"You, Gigadibs, who, thirty years of age,
Write steadily for Blackwood's Magazine. . . .
Meantime the best you have to show being still
That lively lightsome article we took
Almost for the true Dickens, ——"

(There you get it!).

"What's its name?"

says Browning.

"'The Slum and Cellar—or Whitechapel life
Limned after dark!' it made me laugh, I know,
And pleased a month and brought you in ten pounds."

That is the chief test of the new creator. You saw it when Kipling began to write. You see it whenever a great original genius starts. They plan the stage and the plots grow up and they make what they can out of it, the time having not yet come when an unknown man could earn a few odd guineas by writing in some such style as Sir Alfred Robbins described about men or objects which are not worth the telling.

Having said that, knowing what Dickens was, knowing what his

genius was, what more natural than that he should be the chronicler of the people of England? And where, I think, he stands out as a new force is that no one had ever before him handled our people. I use that word in the popular sense. No one had ever written about the poor before him except as a quarry for extracting comic criminals, or humorous characters of some kind, but never as human beings. Look at Jane Austen. She could etch any figure she liked in silver paint, but her servants are lay figures. Dickens was the first man who had the conception of the so-called (I have to use the phrase) lower orders. He could treat them as men and women with character, not as characters—a very different thing. He was the first man to do that; simple human beings, some good, some bad, some a curious amalgam; but he took them in their homes with all their temptations, with all their surroundings, and he brought them before us as human beings full of the character of such.

And no one in England had ever done that before. That is where he is absolutely original, and the whole of the work that has been done since that time is owing to Dickens. It was done North of the Border by a man called Walter Scott. He was the first man North of the Border who did it, and his characters are taken from the same quarries; you will find the same thing as in Dickens. They are not painted from the outside, they are living human beings with their own life and their own character.

But yet it was not that, so far as we can judge, which started Dickens. I always think the start—the start of *Pickwick*—is a most curious and fascinating story, and I wish I knew more about it. One does know that he was asked to write a kind of serial story, and to have for some of his characters popular sportsmen. Of course it was started, and it developed into that immortal work we know.

The odd thing is there must have been something in the air at that time and on those lines because, just before Dickens wrote *Pickwick*, there had been a number of articles in a magazine in the early 'thirties written by a great writer—Surtees, who wrote the sketches of Mr. Jorrocks, which ultimately became that immortal work, "Handley Cross." It would be very interesting to know if to any extent, and if so, how far, Dickens may have been acquainted with Surtees' work. He may have started working from the same quarry that Surtees worked from. It is a very curious thing that both in "Handley Cross" and in *Pickwick* you get an immortal trial scene. You get the *Pickwick* one which we all know by heart, and you get the *Doleful v. Jorrocks*, which, of course, is only known to lovers of Jorrocks. It is quite possible that each of those men got the idea by a trial, and that both tried their hand at it, and that each produced something extraordinarily good, and not without a certain amount of superficial similarity in the treatment of the whole subject. While I am on this subject I might say that although you be Dickens lovers—I might almost say because you are Dickens lovers—you ought to know your Jorrocks and you ought to know your Surtees.

It is not uninteresting, either, to compare another poem of Browning's

in this connection. If you remember, in "Fra Lippo Lippi," in the early part of that poem, he is saying what a lot he owed to the education he got in the street. There is a whole page very like what Dickens might have said; and then, you will recall, he plasters the walls of the monastery with little sketches of all the various types of people that he had seen and known. All this is in exactly the spirit of Dickens.

Not only was Dickens a genius, but he was essentially an artist, and I say that in great reverence, for I have great reverence for real artists. He was not only content to tell his story, but he wanted to tell it in the best way, and that was Art. That is the difference between the artist and the hack. That is the quality of sincerity that marks all his work—an artistic essence. He started young, he started with his amazing gifts; you can see it through his work; it never stops. You see not only the genius that is producing this vast creation, but you see the craftsman at work all the time; you see the artistic quality improving, and you see in *David Copperfield* how marked it is. But some of the very best work he ever did from the artistic point of view is in *Edwin Drood*. He never writes down to his audience, and that is a very great thing. Somehow, I always think Chesterton in a sentence summed up the sweat and the blood and the tears that the artist has to spend in doing his work when he spoke of Dickens, of his irritation and sleepless nights, his wild walks in the darkness, his notebook crowded, his nerves in rags. All this extraordinary output was but a fitting sacrifice to the ordinary man. He gave his life for his work, but all the time the craftsman was working, the genius was burning just the same, and the creative powers at work, and with his eye on the object.

On how many things has he not said the last word that is to be said? He said the last word on bores, on a certain type of member of Parliament, on sea-sickness, and about the little town of Dullborough; and he said the last word about the dentists' servant. "The Dentists' servant. Is that man no mystery to us, no type of invisible power? The tremendous individual knows (who else does?) what is done with the extracted teeth: he knows what goes on in the little room where something is always being washed or filed: he knows what warm spicy infusion is put into the comfortable tumbler from which we rinse our wounded mouth, with a gap in it that feels a foot wide; he knows whether the thing we spit into is a fixture communicating with the Thames, or could be cleared away for a dance." I do not think there is a more amazing passage of imagination and insight than that little paragraph about the dentist's room: it will come home to all of us here, for it is as true to-day as the day it was written, some seventy odd years ago.

I remember so well, when I was immersed in *The Uncommercial Traveller* as a boy, that I spent part of one summer holiday in Yarmouth, and I was very fond of smoking. I had just been reading about Titbull's Almshouses, and I was so full of them that I went to visit some almshouses in Yarmouth. I called them Titbull's, and afterwards alluded to them as Titbull's, never thinking there was anything

add in it. One day I went into a tobacconist's and I said: "I want some tobacco for the old gentlemen in Titbull's." The man looked at me, and I suddenly remembered! So I said: "The Almshouses. I do not know what kind of tobacco they like." An ancient mariner who was chewing some tobacco at the back of the shop looked at me with a sympathetic expression—I have always remembered in visiting almshouses for old fishermen what to do—and said: "That's the stuff they like; that will make them spit yaller for a week."

Dickens was essentially the chief factor of all the humanising forces in England, and I can think of no man who has influenced his own profession of letters, and no man who has influenced his peers more than he has. He was a gigantic natural force which attracted, which deflected, and here and there repelled; and in studying the history of the literature of the second half of the last century, you may say, as some scientists sometimes say in their own sphere, that if Dickens had not been born it would have been necessary to have invented him. He has always been on the heights and always will be. Certain men from time to time earn a momentary notoriety—which they are incapable of achieving in any other way—by disparaging his genius and besmirching his work; and it occurs in the case of other great men too. I saw a few words of Alfred Noyes the other day that seem to me to express that. He said that such efforts have as little effect on his fame as a squirt of tobacco juice from a drunken sailor on the Rock of Gibraltar. I can put that, perhaps, in more elegant language, in that of a Cambridge Don who said to me the other day that such work reminds him of a Greek sculptor chipping bits off the nose of a statue of Apollo to make the gods laugh!

I am satisfied to rest on two dicta. Carlyle spoke of "the noble Dickens"—that is good enough for me. And Swinburne said, "chief in the generation born of men." That is good enough too. In one thing perhaps Dickens was supreme, and in our generation we do not know how he did it, but it is genius and personality. In his time there was no press circulating into every house in the kingdom to make the name of this man or that familiar. And yet the whole world knew Dickens, and what is not at all the same thing, they loved him. That is the quality that is so remarkable.

We have had since his time great writers who have gone to their rest; we have great writers with us to-day; but I venture to say there is not one of those who has died since Dickens, there is not one alive to-day, of whom the words might be said which Dean Stanley spoke immediately after Dickens's funeral. Referring to Dickens's grave, he said: "All day long there was a constant pressure on the spot, and many flowers were strewn upon it by unknown hands; many tears shed from unknown eyes."

That is a tribute rare, very rare in this northern land. And if any of us could think that such a tribute could ever be paid to us we might indeed be happy and proud. It was paid to Dickens. It has not been paid since, and it will be long before it will be paid in that way to any follower of his or ours.

MR. PICKWICK'S BATH

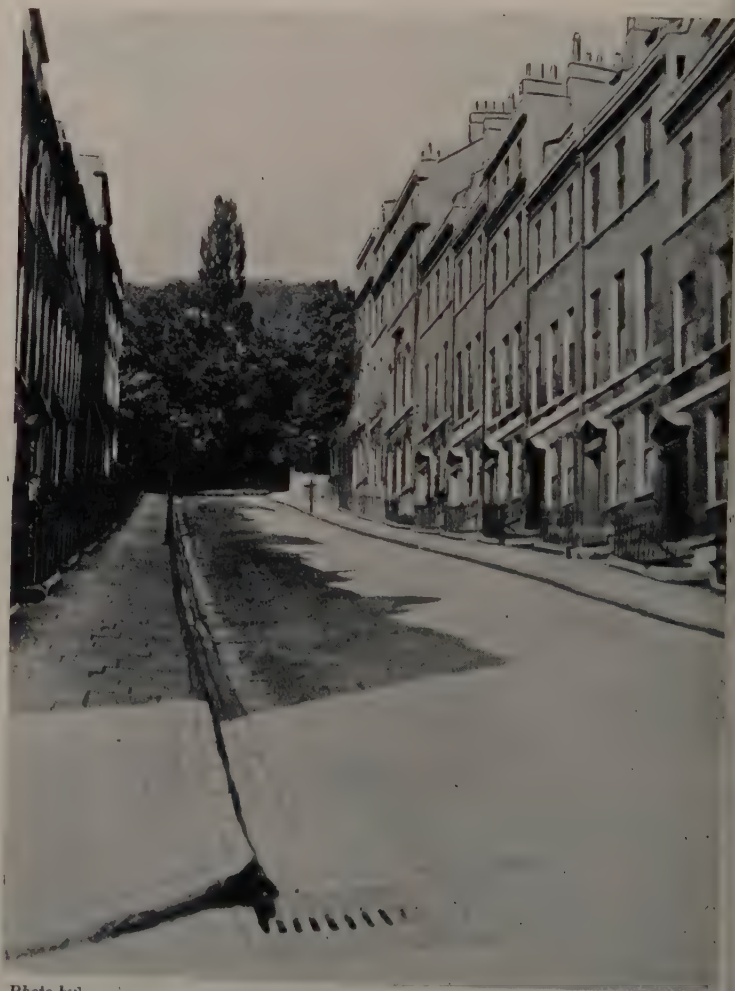


Photo by]

[Walter Dexter

III.

MR. PICKWICK, . . . having taken a short walk through the city, arrived at the unanimous conclusion that Park Street was very much like the perpendicular streets a man sees in a dream, which he cannot get up for the life of him.

DICKENS'S INFLUENCE ON EDUCATION

BY MABEL ELLERY ADAMS
(BOSTON, MASS.)

TO my mind Dickens is the greatest educational reformer the English-speaking world has ever had. This word "English-speaking" cuts out Comenius, Pestalozzi, Froebel and Herbart as rivals. All of them, of course, had profound effect on the world's education, but in the main it was effect on teachers, and through the teachers, in their application of principles, on schools and children, coming last of all to the people and the world at large. All honour to them ! They showed the way to better things, and their influence is everywhere to be found in present-day education. But Dickens was more than all these. He was the apostle of the rights of childhood. He took English-reading people by the hand, as the Spirit took Scrooge, and he showed them evil after evil, wrong after wrong, in such vivid colours, with such illuminating truth, projected against backgrounds so convincing, interpreted with such humour and such sympathy, such pathos and such understanding that the English world, stirred to its very depths, started out to do something about all this, and has kept on doing it to the present day.

Society of Dickens's day was profoundly convinced that children were the property of their parents, to be dealt with as the parents saw fit. If a child had no parents or relatives to care for him then he belonged to the Union or to some endowed institution or school, and all the absolute rights the parent inherited in whatever agency took him over. There seems to have been no correlative theory that Union or institution

BLEAK HOUSE CAMEOS

VII.



At Barnet there were other horses waiting for us ; but as they had only just been fed, we had to wait for them too, and got a long fresh walk, over a common and an old battlefield, before the carriage came up.

owed him a parent's duty, however. Nobody doubted the righteousness of this theory. The fact that a majority of parents wished to treat their children with love and consideration was fortunate; but if they didn't so wish—if they chose to believe the children were little vessels of wrath, sojourning here before passing on to everlasting punishment, punishment from which awful severity might save them; if they believed that work and facts and business were all that mattered, and that games and childish play were useless and pernicious; if they chose forcibly to press their children into an unwholesome mould they felt was desirable—whose business was it? Certainly not the public's. If parents or institutions *in loco parentis* chose to bring up children with the cane and the strap, with thumping and knockings and knucklings, hadn't they a perfect right to; weren't the children *theirs*? Hadn't God given these children to them to be brought up in fear of Him? (In fear of *Him* who sent His Son to preach loving kindness to all, and especially to little children.) Even when the lowest and most brutalized parents, living in filthy poverty, abused their children to the verge of death or mutilation, it was a brave magistrate who dared remove the child from the father's guardianship. The abuse was a pity. The father should be reprimanded, but what could you do? The child belonged to its father and that ended it.

Not more than ten years ago I read a report of the English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, a Society numbering on its rolls names of the best and wisest in England, the statement that their greatest handicap in securing convictions in cases of abuse of children was the persistence of the feeling that a parent's rights were unassailable.

It was to look at this world, which believed in the inalienable right of the powerful over the weak, of the rich over the poor, of master over servant, of parent over child, of petty official over those in his power, and of the God-given efficacy of canings and birchings and bodily coercion—it was to look at this world, with himself as an interpreter, that Dickens brought his readers.

Some folk will tell you that he caricatured whom he showed. Perhaps! He certainly made them live to his audience as no dramatic description ever could have done. Some folk will tell you that he showed too much that was bad, and too little that was good; but isn't that the way of the world? For one Captain Fried or one Harry Manning we read of twenty criminals. We don't have to worry about the vast majority of respectable law-abiding loving families. They need no public opinion to reform them. Public opinion has to be focussed on the things which need improvement. And Dickens did it. He stirred up the complacency of the English world. He showed them abuses. He was a great actor; he dramatised every situation. He drove home his lessons by giving his readers orchestra seats at one-act plays which took their breath away with horror, or pity, or indignation, or laughter. And so he stirred up the smugness of the English world. He roused public opinion; he lashed the abuses with his scorn, until his readers saw to it that the laws were changed and

he wrongs righted. He exposed the hypocrite by setting up a type which everyone could recognise.

He dared to hold up the unworthiness of the fanatic, and to divorce fanaticism from religion. All these things he showed were evil, to be sure, and it is probable that there are more snobs and hypocrites and fanatics, more cruel abusers of the weak, and subservient sycophants in Dickens than there are plain wholesome loving folk and beautiful characters. And yet all of us have our Agnes, our Mr. Peggotty, our Cheeryble Brothers, our Esther, our Joe Gargery, our Lizzie Hexam, our—yes, I think he gave us enough admirable characters, so *we* know *we* knew they were living in the world.

II.

What constitutes the unquestionable basis of education to-day, a basis so universally accepted that we seldom think of it at all? Free education at the public expense. Dickens urged this. He urged governmental responsibility for the education of the poor, and certainly implied the need of governmental inspection in the private and endowed schools which provided education in the England of his day. He gave Poor Jo to the world as the apotheosis of government neglect of childhood. When we think of England's splendid free public schools to-day, and of the government regulation of the various foundations, we can be sure that Dickens's rousing of the public conscience and public common sense had much to do with them.

Granted free education at the public expense—what is now thought to be the first essential of education? Isn't it health? A healthy mind in a healthy body? Healthy children going to school in a well-lighted, well-ventilated building, with attractive surroundings inside and out?

Dickens taught the need of these things by showing their opposites. Do you remember the dungeon where Mrs. Pipchin's pupils sat on rainy days in the windy house on the steep chalk cliff in Brighton? And Dr. Blimber's? The fine house with the sad-coloured curtains and the straight rows of chairs, and all the deadly stiffness, and the cottage school-room of Mr. Wopsle's aunt; and the unspeakable sordid grime of the Squeers' school-room? Dickens shows his lively appreciation of better things in his description of the neatness and cheer of Perkins Institution and the group of public institutions in South Boston, which he inspected during his second visit. I am afraid we shouldn't find them quite adequate now.

An attractive school-room and healthy happy children in it. The periodical physical examinations, the trudging to hospitals and clinics of school nurses and social workers, the anxious consultation of teachers and parents about Jimmie's tonsils, Mary's teeth, and Lena's weak heart, which are a feature of to-day's schools, were not even conceived of by Dickens; but didn't he foreshadow the need of them when he wrote of abused childhood, of scanty diet, of bad ventilation, of faulty, cramping school furniture?

Free education, hygienic surroundings, a chance for play and bodily growth, proper diet—what next?

Rational methods next. In Dickens's time, except the slowly spreading kindergarten, and an occasional great teacher of the classics in the so-called "public" schools for the higher classes, no such thing as method was even thought of. Any man too stupid to do anything else, or any woman too lifeless to rebel at outrageous drudgery, was thought good enough to teach.

Of actual desirable methods Dickens knew little. How could he when they had never been formulated? His description of the Major teaching arithmetic to Jemmy Lirriper, where they multiplied fourteen sticks of firewood by two bits of ginger and a larding needle, would cause any respectable pedagogue to turn in his grave. Dickens may not have known just the best way to teach multiplication, but oh! he knew the key to all successful teaching, and he put it into the mouth of Esther Summerson when she said: "My comprehension is quickened when my affection is." He knew that loving sympathy gives the child a receptive mind just as surely as harshness and formality and fatigue cause it to close up and refuse entrance to any ideas whatever.

This instinctive looking toward right method included a presumption of the necessity of the proper training of teachers, and I have no doubt, although I can't prove it, that his descriptions of the awful blunders of the untrained ones, such as those who gave Charley Hexam his first start, had their influence in the history of the present fine English teachers' training colleges and our own normal schools.

The last great movement in modern education is character-training and the training of the emotions. Our own Boston Superintendent of Schools, Dr. Burke, has made a notable effort in this field, which has been heralded as something new and most important for the well-being of the child.

But see how Dickens realised the importance of character-training. See how he analysed character in a manner any psycho-analyst might well envy, and got at the causes of weakness and strength, of instability and firmness.

Perhaps Steerforth is as good an example as there is of a fine nature warped by faulty training. Richard Carstone shows the vacillation which his early life engendered. Georgina Podsnap had never been allowed any responsibility; Lizzie Hexam had no one to train her, but her innate sense of right showed her how to train herself. And Dora! Do you remember how David after valiant attempts to form Dora's character, began to suspect it might already be formed?

Miss Wade, in the chapter called "The Story of a Self-Tormentor," is the best example I know of the woman whose emotions have been trained away from right and indulged in wrong from infancy.

O, yes, Dickens knew them all.

I should like to close this tribute to our master, with an allusion to the story which touches me most nearly, *Dr. Marigold*. My profession is to teach the deaf, and anything which concerns the deaf concerns and interests me. And I want to tell you that the way in which Dr. Marigold, fakir and cheap-jack, works out a method of education for Sophy, the little deaf and dumb girl he adopts, is truly masterly.

ral methods have largely superseded manual ones at the present time, but the great problem of the education of the deaf is still the establishing of communication by means of language between the deaf mind, which knows no language, and the minds of the outside world. And this Dr. Marigold did, with a golden success which any teacher of the deaf to-day would rejoice to equal; and he did it by patient sight and love and sympathy.

MR. PICKWICK'S BATH



IV.

THE great pump-room is a spacious saloon, ornamented with Corinthian pillars, and a music gallery, and a Tompion clock, and a statue of Nash.

SOME RANDOM NOTES ON BLEAK HOUSE

"I am a little rambling. But I have noticed." (Ch. 35.)
* * * * *

Esther Summerson brought with her to London "a little nosegay of geraniums," Dickens's favourite flower. (Ch. 3.)
* * * * *

The case of *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* was founded upon that of *Jennens v. Jennens*, arising out of a fortune of nearly a million and a half left by William Jennens, a miser who died in 1798.
* * * * *

"The Popular Song of King Death" sung by Mr. J. G. Bogsby, was by Barry Cornwall, with music by Von Neukomm. (Ch. 33.)
* * * * *

There are several eighteenth century "kits," or gitterns, to be seen in the Museum of the Royal College of Music, South Kensington (Ch. 38.) In the picture on p. 128 of the current volume of *The Dickensian*, Prince Turveydrop has one in his hand.
* * * * *

"Caroline Jellyby, spinster," described herself as "of Thavies Inn within the city of London, but extra-parochial" (Ch. 38); and even to-day the inn pays its rates direct to the Guildhall, and not to the Borough of Holborn.
* * * * *

Symond's Inn takes its name from one Simonds, buried in the Church of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West.
* * * * *

Mr. Vholes had an official cat, and to-day the Record Office, part of which is on the site of Symond's Inn, also has its official cat.
* * * * *

The repeated warning, "Don't go home" (Ch. 48) is the same as that given to Pip in *Great Expectations*.
* * * * *

Mr. Bucket makes a leg (Ch. 53); so does Mr. Datchery in *Edwin Drood*.
* * * * *

"It can't be worth a mag to him" (Ch. 54) refers to a "mag-pie," a slang term for a half-penny.
* * * * *

In Somers Town, in addition to many French, there were "a number of poor Spanish refugees walking about in cloaks, smoking little paper cigars" (Ch. 43), an early reference to cigarettes in London.
* * * * *

The "gruff line in a concerted piece," "Listen to the waterfall," sung by Little Swills, is from a glee "Here in cool grot" by the Earl of Mornington. (Ch. 32.)
* * * * *

"The best of all ways to lengthen our days, was to steal a few hours from night my dear," sung by Harold Skimpole (Ch. 6) is a line from Tom Moore's "Young May Moon."
* * * * *

When Esther remarked that a turning looked "like Chancery Lane," and Mr. Bucket replied, "And was christened so, my dear," he was wrong, as the Lane was originally called New Street. (Ch. 59.)

W. J. R.

RICHARD CARSTONE*

BY MARY L. PENDERED

I.

THE commanding genius of Dickens in the presentation of vivid human types in a high light has been so dazzling as to throw to shadow the more subtle and subjective character studies we find here and there in his novels. Naturally enough, he appears to most people as the creator of tragic or comic figures only, into the spring of whose actions no one troubles to enquire. They move us to laughter or tears, in much the same way as the symbolical figures of the old miracle plays, but we get small insight into their souls. And, no doubt, if Dickens had been told that he sometimes analysed his characters psychologically, he would have been as much surprised as M. Jourdain was at discovering that he had been talking prose all his life. For Dickens certainly did not set out to analyse souls; he drew what he saw and coloured it from his brilliant imagination. But occasionally he gives us a spiritual dissection in quite the modern fashion, and we are taken, as it were, *inside* a character; to watch its development or its decay, to see the impact upon it of circumstance and environment, with its reactions, struggles and reversions, as a surgeon watches an operation on the body.

We have such a character in Twemlow, writhing in the conflict between inclination and a sense of honour. We find another in Richard Carstone.

They do not take the stage under the spotlight; it is, to me, surprising how little they seem to be noticed by the general reader. And yet their author must have taken infinite pains in their creation; must have spent much thought on them and exercised almost uncanny perception of the inmost working of their minds.

Richard is set before us as the victim of circumstance and his own inherent weakness combined. He thus presents once more the old problem of free will *versus* predestination. How far can a man resist the pressure of circumstances and the temptations that arise from them? How far is he the victim of a destiny beyond his control? Whittier wrote:

“For no man measures in advance
His strength with untried circumstance.”

and Browning added a suggestive word when he wrote:

“He fixed thee in this dance
Of plastic circumstance.”

He raises, thus, another question. How far is circumstance plastic? Dickens does not tackle this problem, or answer any questions. But he shows us a case, which we may well believe a not uncommon case, wherein a human soul does not struggle against circumstance nor realise to what depths of shame and misery his fatal weakness is leading.

* A Paper read before a midland Dickens Circle.

II.

To my mind Richard Carstone is a more tragic figure than Lady Dedlock, and infinitely more pathetic. For what in life can be as tragic and pathetic as the spectacle of a slow moral deterioration, the decay of self-respect and descent into the slough of despond? Can anything be more piteous than to see a merry, delightful, lovable boy become a physical and mental wreck, the victim of a chimera, and finally sink to death, conscious that he has invoked his own doom? Circumstance may have been plastic once to Richard. He may have had, must have had, the power to resist its pressure before that pressure became too strong; and he had strong support behind him in John Jarndyce, Esther Summerson and Ada Clare, who all loved him. But he failed to put up any resistance; he let himself go and finally slid down the fatal hill at whose foot a deep morass waits to engulf the weak as surely as the wicked.

In painting this picture of Richard Carstone, Dickens has used quiet colours. I do not find anywhere the vivid, sometimes over-vivid, colouring that he indulged in when painting his Chadband, Weller, Carker, and a host of others. Richard, from first to last, is an entirely natural character, without exaggeration or over-emphasis, and this makes him the more interesting to the student of human nature. Of course, his creator had another object in view besides that of depicting moral decay. He used Richard as an illustration of the damnable effects of a protracted law suit on those connected with it; he pointed a lesson with Richard, as he did with Miss Flite, and used him to show the corruption of certain legal proceedings. But I do not think he exaggerated, by a single line, the possible effect that all this might have on an impressionable youth.

"Laws descend," said Goethe, "like inveterate, hereditary diseases and trail from one generation to another." The Court of Chancery, as shown in *Bleak House*, had become indeed like a horrible disease; the suit of Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce was like an hereditary disease, trailing for several generations over this unhappy family.

It was Goethe again who said: "God give us clear notions of the consequences of things," and the whole story of Richard might be considered a sermon on this text, showing, as it does, the evil consequences of relying on luck and unearned fortune; the corrosion of character and the ultimate sapping of the will through the lack of this "clear notion" of what must happen, the inevitable relation of cause and effect.

III.

We first meet Richard Carstone as a handsome youth, "with an ingenuous face and a most engaging laugh." He stood "in the light of the fire, talking gaily, like a light-hearted boy," not more than nineteen years old, and just falling in love with his distant cousin, Ada Clare. A little further on Mr. Jarndyce refers to him as "a fine young man, full of promise." He asks his ward, Esther, to suggest a career for him.

"He must have a profession and must make a choice for himself," says Jarndyce, "There will be a world more Wiglomeration about it, I suppose, but it must be done."

Presently we find Richard described as "one of the most restless creatures in the world." Dickens, through the pen of Esther, gives a very close description of his temperament. He was gay, he was ardent, brave and generous, gentle and kind, buoyant and hopeful and frank, *very* lovable. His ideas of prudence and economy were comic. When Mr. Jarndyce, you remember, refunded him the ten pounds he had lent Harold Skimpole, Richard instantly wanted to bestow five on an out-of-work bricklayer's family. "Why not?" he asks; "I made ten pounds clear out of the business." And when Esther asks how he did that, he replies, "Why I got rid of ten pounds which I was quite content to get rid of and never expected to see any more, so I've got ten pounds more than I expected and consequently can afford to spend without being particular."

What a sharp impression that gives of the careless boy's mental calibre!

He was, however, though restless and changeable in his moods, a constant lover. And he was, at first, eager to do his duty, to get a living. He thought he would like to get it in the navy first, but he was not young enough to start, so that came to nothing. The law was mentioned. He was ready for that, or any other profession except the Church, which he barred. Finally his imagination was captured by surgery. "That's the thing, sir," he cries with enthusiasm; "We've got it at last, M.R.C.S." The art of healing appealed to his naturally kind and tender heart. He was accordingly placed with a Mr. Bayham Badger, and this gives Dickens an opportunity for indulging in one of his incomparable minor sketches. (I would remark, in passing, that the family party at the Badgers would make an exceedingly amusing one-act sketch.) At first Richard plunges into his work with tremendous zeal, but he soon cools off, and Mrs. Bayham Badger reveals this fact to Esther and Ada in a masterpiece of circumlocution.

After that comes a little scene between Richard and the two girls, in which the first sinister note is struck by him, the warning knell of coming disaster.

"After all," he says, admitting that he is bored by his medical studies; "after all, it may be only a kind of probation *till our suit is*—" he breaks off—"but I'm not to mention the suit. It is forbidden ground."

We see there how the suit is beginning to dominate his mind. And we may recall Mr. Jarndyce's words, previously, to Esther:

"How much of this indecision of character is chargeable to that incomprehensible heap of uncertainty and procrastination upon which he has been thrown from his birth, I don't pretend to say; but that Chancery, among its other sins, is responsible for some of it, I can plainly see. It has engendered and confirmed in him a habit of putting off—trusting to this, that, and the other chance—and dismissing everything as uncertain, unsettled and confused. The character of

much older and steadier people, even, may be changed by the circumstances surrounding them. It would be too much to expect that boy's character, in its formation, should be subject to such influence and escape."

Evidently he did not regard those circumstances as plastic.

Dickens hereupon puts some criticism in the mind of Esther that is being echoed to-day upon our school and college system.

"It has never been anybody's business," she observes, "to find out what his (Richard's) natural bent was, or where his failings lay, or adapt any kind of knowledge to *him*. He has simply been adapted."

Was there any subject upon which Dickens had not pondered; any weakness in civil life that he had not turned over, examined, criticised and attacked when he thought it too intolerable to be borne?

Richard was one of the victims of our educational system, as well as of the Court of Chancery. He was whirled about in the "dance of circumstance" as a gnat in a high wind. Circumstance moulded him. He was not endowed, nor equipped, to mould circumstance or ever resist its pressure. He was, alas! one of the many thousands who allow themselves to drift with the tide. The consequence of sin, we are told, is death. The consequence of moral flabbiness is disintegration.

"Blessed are the sleepy," said Nietzsche, "for they shall soon drop off." Richard was sleepy, in that sense, and he was soon to drop off. This picture Dickens gives of his slow disintegration is, surely, one of the most piteous things he has put into his books.

He went to Mr. Kenge's office to study the legal profession and spent a lot of money on buying useless things for his rooms. But he fared no better in law, and after a quantity of talk over him—in the course of which the Lord Chancellor described him as "a vexatious and capricious Infant"—it was decided that he should go into the army. His case had been adjourned and re-adjourned and referred to and reported on and petitioned about, until Richard began to doubt whether he would get into the Army before he was 70 or 80 years of age, if at all! But he was finally entered at the Horse Guards and instantly plunged into a violent course of military study, rising every morning at five to practice broad-sword exercise.

It was when he had obtained his commission as Ensign and been ordered to Ireland that the split between him and Mr. Jarndyce occurred. The latter wished Ada to remain free for a time, very naturally, as he knew Richard's character, and Ada was reasonable, while vowing to be true to her lover. It would only be a break for a time, she urged, and Richard sullenly acquiesced. But he never forgave Mr. Jarndyce, and the microbe of resentment, germinating in his weak mind, bred suspicions that dishonoured him even more than they dishonoured his good friend. During this interview the jarring note recurs.

"True, I have exhausted my present resources," says Richard, "and I am quite content to know it. But what I have of certainty, sir, is not *all* I have."

"For the love of God," cries Mr. Jarndyce, "don't ground a hope of expectation on the family curse. Whatever you do on this side of the grave, never give one lingering glance towards the horrible phantom that has haunted us so many years. Better to borrow, better to beg—better to die!"

But he must have known, even as he spoke, that he might as well have spoken to the Nelson Column. Nothing that he could say would have the slightest effect on Richard's unbalanced mind. Instead of being impressed and influenced by this good, sane, fatherly man, who had, indeed, been like a father to him, Richard conceived a monstrous notion that Mr. Jarndyce was plotting against him for his own ends—less than to secure the fabulous legacy for himself, and deprive Richard of it. It seems incredible that anyone could be so wrong-headed, but we know that it *is* possible, and that, once a suspicion is harboured in a weak mind, it breeds and spreads like an infectious disease. And Mr. Jarndyce does not blame him. He blames that 'Wiglomeration,' which is poisoning Richard.

"His blood is infected and objects lose their natural aspects in his sight," he says. "It isn't his fault." And we realise the truth of this melancholy fact when, a little further on, Richard, in a talk with Esther, accuses Mr. Jarndyce of being "tainted" like himself, and being under the influence of the Court of Chancery.

"You know it taints everybody," says Richard, "You have heard me say so fifty times. Then why should *he* escape?"

Here we have laid bare one fearful aspect of this tragedy of deterioration. Richard's consciousness of his own weakness and shame. He does not descend into the abyss easily and without qualms. He knows he is 'tainted,' and it gives him comfort to think others are tainted too. It is quite a common aspect of such cases. Nothing in the whole book, I think, throws such a glare of light on Richard's condition as this unfounded and infamous accusation against Mr. Jarndyce. And nothing in any of the novels gives a more powerful expression of a soul's struggle against the powers of evil. Richard is shown ashamed of himself and his suspicions, trying to find comfort and assurance in specious arguments that he knows—and admits later on—have no weight. He is fully aware of his own infamy and of what they all think of him. In a most subtle fashion Dickens suggests this. It is not stated in words. It appears in every sentence Richard utters. Esther sees in his face the "terribly darkened look" that is often the first warning of insanity, and when Richard, growing more and more vehement, protests that Mr. Jarndyce has changed as *he* has changed, we see that mad desire for approbation which makes even the vilest sinner cast about for excuses to cover his conduct. And if," he cries, "everybody who has any share in the suit is changed, then I have the greater right on my side when I resolve to do all I can to bring it to an end. . . . Others have only half thrown themselves to it. I make it the object of my life."

That is how he excuses his conduct. It is, of course, the beginning of the end. We see Richard in the clutch of a shady lawyer and

getting into such straits for money that he has to give up the army. "I am," he tells Esther, in a pathetic scene further on, "so no disgrace that those who are put in authority over me would rather do without me than with me. And they are right. Apart from debts and duns and all such drawbacks, I am not fit for even this employment. I have no care, no mind, no soul but for one thing—calling madness—and I tell you I can't help it now and can't be sane." Then after a pause, he blurts out "I wish I were dead."

I wonder no dramatist has yet seen the possibility of drama in Richard Carstone's story: what a powerful character study and plot could be made of it! For, of course, he had become, by this time, a monomaniac. The fixed idea had possessed him utterly, a demoniacal possession surely. We see that he is past saving in this life, and to the end, described by Esther, is very, *very* poignant. Richard's buoyant health has failed under the continual straining of his afflicted mind ever in a vortex of whirling emotions, struggling one against the other. We see him at Mrs. Jarndyce's dinner table, "thin and languid, slovenly in his dress, abstracted in manner," indifferent to food, with no appetite. His secret marriage with Ada is condoned; Ada does everything in her power to help him out of this Slough of Despond, but in vain. There is no man or woman that can "minister to a mind diseased."

And when, finally, the suit of Jarndyce and Jarndyce crashes in ruin, when it is found that all the money has been devoured by lawyers, Richard collapses. We know how he was found, in a corner of the Law Courts, looking like a stone figure; how, when he tried to speak, blood flowed from his mouth. And no one can ever forget the last scene in his wasted life—a mere boy still—or his pitiful last words.

"I have done wrong, my own. I have fallen like a poor stray shadow in your way. I have married you to poverty and trouble, I have scattered your means to the winds. You will forgive me all this, my Ada, before I begin the world."

He thought he could begin again and was ready to start. But that was not to be here, in a world so full of pitfalls for the weak. Dickens, with his infinite compassion and sympathy, brings down the curtain upon Richard with the words:

"Not this world. The world that sets this right."

PUBLICATION OF DICKENS'S LETTERS TO MISS COUTTS

A box containing upwards of six hundred letters from Dickens to Miss Burdett-Coutts, afterwards the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, was sold at Sothebys on May 17th, 1922, to Mr. O. R. Barrett, of Chicago, for £2,150. None of these letters hitherto has been published. During the lifetime of Lady Burdett-Coutts copies of some of the letters and extracts from others were made, by her special permission, by Mr. Charles C. Osborne, who from 1887 to 1898 was her private secretary. A selection of the letters thus made will shortly be published in the "Cornhill Magazine," by the kind permission of Sir Henry Dickens. Mr. Osborne informs me that the letters are of extraordinary interest and throw new light upon his character and multifarious interests.

SOME COMIC SONGS THAT DICKENS KNEW

BY J. W. T. LEY



OUT of that very silly present-day notion that to describe a thing as "Victorian" is to say the most scathing thing that can be said about it, somebody wrote recently that the insipidity of the period was reflected in its songs. An extraordinarily foolish remark. The sentimental song to-day is as "sloppy" as in any other period. As for the comic song, that varies but little from generation unto generation. I find only one essential difference between those of the early Victorian period and those of to-day. Eighty years ago there was a coarseness that would not be permitted by the authorities now, and would not be tolerated by public opinion. Sam Hall's headful song could not be sung in public to-day. But apart from that, when we feel inclined to sneer at the taste of our grandfathers, there are one or two points that we ought to bear in mind. First, he writes "grandfathers" advisedly, for our grandmothers never went to places where these songs were sung, and the gradual invasion of our music-halls by women has made a tremendous difference. Second, the element of surprise, with grotesqueness, incongruity and sheer absurdity, is eternally the surest of risible appeals, and this is the characteristic of the successful comic song in all ages. If some of the comic songs of Dickens's time read like so much rubbish, well, we have memories of vast audiences only last summer singing with huge enjoyment "Shinaniki Da"! I have not found a song of seventy years ago more inane than, say, "Have a Banana."

Another point is this. Take the song I propose to quote in a moment, "Shivery Shakey, ain't it cold." Its words are piffle, but they have that very element of absurdity to which I have referred. This song was tremendously popular once, and it is stupid to suggest that that was because our grandparents lacked taste and discernment. There are two things that the words cannot convey—the tune, and the personality of the singer. Was there ever a more inane song than "Ta-ra-a-boom-de-ré"? But those of us who remember Lottie Collins singing—and kicking—it has pleasure in the remembrance. One of the most popular dance tunes of the present time is "A bicycle made for two." That song was topical, but it was really made by its music. Take an older example. Children still sing "Wheel about and turn about, and jump Jim Crow."

I doubt if that song has been sung in public for half a century, but the personality of the singer and the swing of the music combined so to impress it upon its generation that it has persisted.

Of the comic songs alluded to by Dickens, "Shivery Shakey" is fairly typical of its period. In his reminiscences of the Giant Pickles Dr. Marigold says :

"I gave him sixpence (for he was kept as short as he was long and he laid it out on two three penn'or of gin-and-water, which brisked him up that he sang the favourite comic of 'Shivery Shakey ain't it cold.'"

Everybody was singing that song in the middle of last century but it has been utterly forgotten. Space will not allow it to be quoted in full, but a couple of verses will suffice to indicate what it was like :

All you who're fond in spite of price,
Of pastry, creams, and jellies nice,
Be cautious how you take an ice

Whenever you're over warm.

A merchant, who from India came,
And Shivery Shakey was his name,
A pastrycook did once entice,
To take a cooling, luscious ice ;
The weather, hot enough to kill,
Kept tempting him to eat, until
It gave his corpus such a chill,
He never again felt warm.

Chorus.

Shivery Shakey, O ! O ! O !
Criminy crikey ! isn't it cold ?
Woo woo woo oo oo,
Pity that man couldn't get warm.

Through four verses we are told of his unsuccessful endeavours to get warm, and then the last verse says :

The morning after he was drowned
While in a hot bath, and they found
The water frozen all around
The man who couldn't get warm.
A jury proved in a trice,
He died of undigested ice—
And then the foreman, Patrick Rice,
The verdict gave, with this advice—
'Och ! have ice creams whene'er you will,
But do not eat 'em till you're ill,
And always first take off the chill,
And swallow your ices warm.

I have not discovered the tune to which this was sung, but it seems obvious that the explanation of its tremendous success must have lain either in the tune or in the popularity of the singer, or in both.

In my article on "The Songs of Wegg" I wrote that, though somebody claimed to have traced quotations from or allusions to 250 songs

Dickens's books, I was certain there were many more, some of which were never likely to be identified. Many of the allusions are so obscure as to preclude any hope of identification at this time of day. Here is an example of what I mean. In the report of the committee of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association, several "cases of converts to temperance" are given. The second case is that of

"Betsy Martin, widow, one child and one eye. Goes out charing and washing by the day. Never had more than one eye, but knows her mother drank bottled stout and shouldn't wonder if that caused it (immense cheering). Thinks it not impossible that if she had always abstained from spirits she might have had two eyes by this time (tremendous cheering).

Here is an allusion to a saying that is not often heard nowadays, but was quite common when some of us were young. When we wanted to express scepticism in regard to anything we said "That's all my eye and Betty Martin." But we had no idea as to the origin of the saying. Our grandfathers, however, remembered the song which gave it currency. Not one person in a thousand reading *Pickwick* to-day could dream that here was a reference to a popular song. Perhaps the saying did not originate with the song, but it certainly was the song which gave it currency, and it remained a common saying for many years. I, as a tiny boy, can remember my father quoting from the song, which was a memory of his boyhood in the 'forties of last century. It is curious to note that this Pickwickian allusion to a once popular song has been overlooked by all the writers on the subject. Mr. James Lightwood, in his "Dickens and Music," makes no reference to it. As a matter of fact, there is another allusion to the song, or saying, in *The Lamplighter*, where the servant girl tells Tom Grig that her name is "Betsey Martin," and he replies: "... if you have any object to gain, and think to gain it by frightening me, it's all my eye and, and—yourself, Miss Martin."

The saying originated about 1830; the song which popularised it had five verses, and had to do with a Yorkshireman in London who was not to be taken in:

In Yorkshire I were born and bred,
And knows a thing or two, sir,
Nay, what be more, my father said,
My wit would bring me through, sir.
At single-stick, or kiss the maids,
I wur the boy vor sartin;
Zays I, push on—to be afraid's
My eye and Betty Martin.
Ri tol de rol, etc.

At whoam I'd often heard folks talk
Of Lunnnon's famous city,
And that the stones on which they walk
Were paved with gold so pretty;

To mam and dad I gave a buss ;
 Says I, I'm off vor sartin,
 So 'bout my trip to make a fuss
 Is my eye and Betty Martin.

A lady next, a flashy dame,
 I in the Strand did meet, sir,
 Who said as how it was a shame
 That I should walk the street, sir ;
 She talked of love, of servants, too,
 And thought her prey right sartin,
 But mon, says I, to go with you's
 My eye and Betty Martin.

There was one comic song which was a special favourite with Dickens. I cannot find that it has any reference in his books, but his eldest daughter tells us that he used to sing it to his children with great glee, and that it was their delight to persuade him to sing it at bedtime. I do not believe it has been printed for nearly three-quarters of a century, and it is bound to be new to most readers of this magazine :

I sing a doleful tragedy—Guy Fawkes, the prince of sinisters,
 Who once blew up the House of Lords, the King, and all his ministers—
 That is—he would have blown them up, and folks will ne'er forgive
 him—

His will was good to do the deed—that is, if they'd have let him.

Bow, wow, wow !
 Tol lol de riddle tol de rol de ray !

He straightway came from Lambeth side, and wished the State was
 undone,

And crossing over Vauxhall Bridge, that way he com'd to London :
 That is—he would have come that way to perpetrate his guilt, sirs,
 But a little thing prevented him—the bridge it was not built, sirs.

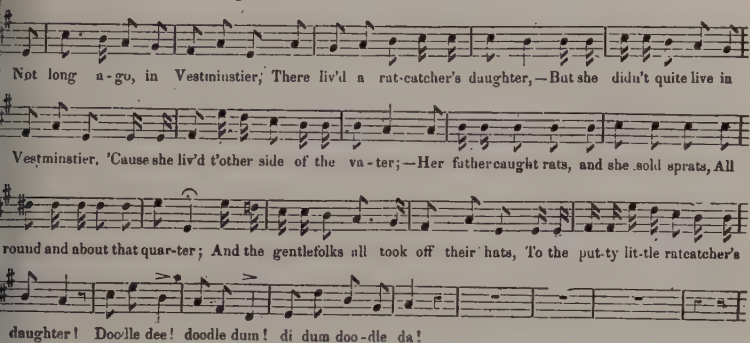
Then marching through the dreary vaults, with portable gas light
 sirs,

About to touch the powder train at witching hour of night, sirs—
 That is—I mean, he would have used the gas, but was prevented,
 'Cause gas, you see, in James's time, it had not been invented.

There are two more verses in the same strain.

"The Ratcatcher's Daughter" is an example of a popular song that owed its success to its music. It is said, in fact, that a well-known hymn tune was adapted from that to which the song was sung. In *Out of the Season*, Dickens writes that the shop window contained "every polka that ever was published ; from the original one, when a smooth male and female Pole of high rank are coming at the observance with their arms akimbo, to the 'Ratcatcher's Daughter.'" The words of this song were written by the author of "Verdant Green."

THE RATCATCHER'S DAUGHTER.



Now rich and poor, both far and near,
 In matrimony sought her,
 But at friends and foes she turn'd up her nose,
 Did the purty little ratcatcher's daughter.
 For there was a man sold lily-vite sand,
 In Cupid's net had caught her,
 And right over head and ears in love
 Vent the purty little ratcatcher's daughter.

Now lily-vite sand so ran in her head
 As she vent along the Strand, oh !
 She forgot as she'd got sprats on her head,
 And cried " D'ye vant any lily-vite sand, oh !

Her sweetheart was similarly affected, crying " ratcatcher's darter "
 head of " sand." They arranged to be married on Easter Sunday,
 in consequence of a dream that she would not be alive on Monday,
 fell or jumped into the " vater."

Ven lily-vite sand he heard the news,
 His eyes ran down vith vater ;
 Said he—" In love I'll constiant prove,
 And blow me if I'll live long arter."
 So he cut his throat vith a pane of glass,
 And stabb'd his donkey arter ;
 So here is an end of lily-vite sand,
 Donkey, and ratcatcher's daughter.

The verdict was that too much vet
 This poor young vooman died on ;
 For she made an 'ole in the Riviere Thames,
 Vot the penny steamers ride on.
 'Twas a haccident they all agreed,
 And nuffink like self-slaughter,
 So not guiltee of fell in the sea,
 They brought in the ratcatcher's daughter.

Nothing intellectual about it, of course, yet somehow it is not easy to resist a smile even at a reading of the words. We can surely imagine the thing "catching on," cleverly sung to a good tune. In any case the words are hardly inferior to "Won't you come home, Bill Bailey" or the very much more recent "Mucking about in the garden."

In *The Old Curiosity Shop* there is an allusion to a comic song of a century ago that has almost attained the status of a nursery rhyme. Mrs. Jarley exhibited various scrolls, some of which were in the form of parodies of popular melodies. One of these commenced:

If I know'd a donkey wot wouldn't go
To see Mrs. Jarley's wax-work show,
Do you think I'd acknowledge him?
Oh, no no!

I have found the song of which this is a parody in more than one recent collection of nursery rhymes. There is history in the song which few are aware. It serves to remind us that in 1822 an Act of Parliament was passed which was, in fact, the first step ever taken by any country for the legal protection of animals. It was passed on the initiative of a Mr. Martin, M.P. There is also in the song a reference to the new Police, which body was instituted by Sir Robert Peel's Act of 1829. Thus we can fix the date as about 1830. It should be added that Martin's Act was designed more especially for the protection of the costermonger's donkey, which explains the reference in *Sketches by Boz* to "the renowned Mr. Martin of costermonger notoriety." The first of the five verses is as follows:

If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
D'ye think I'd wollop him? No, no, no!
But gentle means I'd try, d'ye see,
Because I hate all cruelty;
If all had been like me, in fact,
There'd have been no occasion for Martin's Act,
Dumb animals to prevent being crack'd
On the head.

Chorus.

If I had a donkey wot wouldn't go,
I never would wollop him, no, no no!
I'd give him some hay, and cry Gee! whoa!
And come up, Neddy.

I have already referred to "Jim Crow." It was only a short time ago that I heard a nursemaid singing that to a tiny baby. My mother used to sing it to me. That was a long time ago, but even then the song was more than fifty years old. It took England by storm almost a century ago, and there were two or three reasons for that. First, it was novel, for it was almost the earliest of the negro songs to be heard in this country; second, it had a very lively tune; third, it was sung with a wild abandon to the accompaniment of extraordinary antiphonal voices. In *American Notes*, Dickens describes a "lively young negro" singing the song in New York with the wildest abandon.

JIM CROW

1. Come, lis - ten, all yongals, and boys, Ise just from Tucky-hoe; I'm
2. I went down to de river, — I did-n't mean to stay, But

goin' to sing a lit - tle song, My name's Jim — Crow.
dere I saw so man - y gals, I could-n't get a - way.

CHORUS

Weel about and turn a-bout and do jis' so, Eb-ry time I weel a-bout I jump Jim Crow.

And arter I been dere awhile,
I thought I push my boat;
But I tumbled in de river,
An' I find myself afloat.

And den I go to Orleans,
An' feel so full of fight;
Dey put me in de calaboose,
An' keep me dere all night.

It was upon a flat boat,
I cotch de Uncle Sam;
When I went to see de place where,
Dey kill'd de Packenham.

When I got out I hit a man,
His name I now forgot;
But dere was noting left of him,
'Cept a little grease spot.

The whole thing was dependent upon the turning about, the wheeling out, and the jumping Jim Crow, and all this was done in the wildest way. Without the antics the song could not have stood the slightest chance of success, and the fact that it is still remembered as it is is a remarkable tribute to the personality of its singer. It had no other force of life, yet it has lived for a hundred years. "Buffalo Gals" is in a similar category, but its popularity was ephemeral. It is mentioned by Dickens.

Mr. Miller possesses a copy of the words in sheet form such as Wegg might have sold. He has lent it to me so that I can reproduce it with this article; the reader will particularly note the print at the foot of the song.

But the editor possesses a blue pencil! Not in any spirit of defiance will I conclude with a song whose refrain still persists, though it is doubtful if many who sing it are aware that it is simply the chorus to a full-length song. Following the historic dinner at Muggleton at which the salmon had such direful effects, it is recorded that "a few minutes before twelve o'clock that night, the convocation of worthies Dingley Dell and Muggleton were heard to sing, with great feeling and emphasis, the beautiful and pathetic national air of

BUFFALO GALS.

(American Negro Melody)

Sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders

As I went lumb'rin' down de street,

Down de street, down de street,

A 'ansome gal I chanc'd to meet,

Oh! she was fair to view.

Buffalo gals, will ye come out to night?

Will ye come out to night?

Buffalo gals, will ye come out to night?

And dance by de light ob de moon.

I ax'd her if she'd hab some talk,

Hab some talk, hab some talk,

Her feet cover'd up de whole side-walk,

As she stood right by me.

Buffalo gals &c.

I'd like to make dat gal my wife,

Gal my wife, gal my wife,

I should be happy all my life,

If I had her by me.

Buffalo gals, &c.

Printed by T. King Birmingham, and sold by Mr. Green at his Music Stall near the
Turnpike City Road Loudon

We won't go home till morning,
 We won't go home till morning,
 We won't go home till morning,
 'Till daylight doth appear.

Mr. James Lightwood records that the "London Singer's Magazine," *ca* 1839, stated that this song was written and composed by C. Oniel, but the seventh chapter of *Pickwick* was written three years earlier than that. "Sharp's New London Songster" definitely states that the author of the words was W. H. C. West. There are five verses, the first of which is :

Brave boys, let's all be jolly !
 A fig for melancholy—
 Since grieving's all a folly,
 'Tis folly to grieve, that's clear !
 While good humour each face is adorning,
 While sorrow in glee we are scorning,
 We won't go home till morning,
 Till daylight does appear.

We won't go home till morning,
 We won't go home till morning,
 Till daylight does appear !
 We won't go home till morning,
 Till daylight does appear.

(To be continued)

BLEAK HOUSE CAMEOS

VIII.



The path wound underneath a gateway; and through a courtyard where the principal entrance was.

AN APPEAL BY DICKENS

[NOTE.—Forster records that Dickens took a tremendous interest in the Home for fallen women, which was established at Shepherds Bush in the middle of last century by that good friend of his, Miss Coutts. It has been known for many years that the novelist wrote an appeal to these women which was given to them when they fell into the hands of the police, and even handed to them in the streets, but it was believed that no copy of this existed, was a mere leaflet of about a thousand words, and, of course, it could never have fallen into the hands of the general public, while as there was nothing at all to indicate its authorship than who may have seen copies could never have known of its Dickensian interest. But recently a copy has turned up in America, and has been reprinted by the Boston Bibliophile Society for purely private circulation among its members. Personally, I cannot but regret the disinclination of this Society, as to which I have some personal knowledge. I was glad, therefore, to be able to reprint this fragment of Dickens in the "Western Mail" a few weeks ago. With the exception of the limited American edition to which I have referred this is the only time the appeal has been reprinted anywhere, and the Editor of this magazine thinks, and I agree with him, that it certainly ought to be permanently preserved in the pages of *The Dickensian*. There is one interesting point which I made briefly in the article I wrote for the "Western Mail." This leaflet was issued in the same year that *David Copperfield* was started. The work of the Home aimed at the emigration of rescued women. All the time that Dickens was writing *Copperfield* he was constantly occupied with this work. It seems to me that there can be no sort of doubt but that here lay the suggestion for the character of Martha.—J. W. T. LEY.]

YOU will see, on beginning to read this letter, that it is not addressed to you by name. But I address it to a woman—a very young woman still—who was born to be happy and has lived miserably; who has no prospect before her but sorrow, or behind her but a wasted youth; who, if she has ever been a mother, has felt shame instead of pride in her own unhappy child.

You are such a person, or this letter would not be put into your hands. If you have ever wished (I know you must have done so sometime) for a chance of rising out of your sad life, and having friends; a quiet home, means of being useful to yourself and others, peace of mind, self-respect, everything you have lost, pray read it attentively, and reflect upon it afterwards.

I am going to offer you, not the chance but the *certainly* of all these blessings, if you will exert yourself to deserve them. And do not think that I write to you as if I felt myself very much above you, or wished to hurt your feelings by reminding you of the situation in which you are placed. God forbid! I mean nothing but kindness to you, and I write as if you were my sister.

Think for a moment what your present situation is. Think how impossible it is that it ever can be better if you continue to live as you have lived, and how certain it is that it must be worse. You know what the streets are; you know how cruel the companions that you find there are; you know the vices practised there, and to what wretched consequences they bring you, even while you are young. Shunned by decent people, marked out from all other kinds of women as you walk along, avoided by the very children, hunted by the police, imprisoned, and only set free to be imprisoned over and over again—reading this very letter in a common gaol you have already dismaying experience of the truth.

But to grow old in such a way of life, and among such company—to escape an early death from terrible disease, or your own maddened hand, and arrive at old age in such a course—will be an aggravation of every misery that you know now, which words cannot describe. Imagine for yourself the bed on which you, then an object terrible

look at, will lie down to die. Imagine all the long, long years of shame, want, crime, and ruin that will arise before you. And by that dreadful day, and by the judgment that will follow it, and by the recollection that you are certain to have then, when it is too late, the offer that is made to you now, when it is NOT too late, I implore you to think of it and weigh it well.

There is a lady in this town who from the windows of her house has seen such as you going past at night, and has felt her heart bleed at the sight. She is what is called a great lady, but she has looked at you with compassion as being of her own sex and nature, and the thought of such fallen women has troubled her in her bed.

She has resolved to open at her own expense a place of refuge near London for a small number of females, who without such help are lost forever, and to make a HOME for them. In this home they will be taught all household work that would be useful to them in a home of their own and enable them to make it comfortable and happy. In this home, which stands in a pleasant country lane and where each may have her little flower-garden if she pleases, they will be treated with the truest kindness: will lead an active, cheerful, healthy life: will learn many things it is profitable and good to know, and being entirely removed from all who have any knowledge of their past career will begin life afresh and be able to win a good name and character.

And because it is not the lady's wish that these young women should be shut out from the world after they have repented and learned to do their duty there, and because it is her wish and object that they may be restored to society—a comfort to themselves and it—they will be supplied with every means, when some time shall have elapsed and their conduct shall have fully proved their earnestness and determination, to go abroad, where in a distant country they may become the faithful wives of honest men, and live and die in peace.

I have been told that those who see you daily in this place believe that there are virtuous inclinations lingering within you, and that you may be reclaimed. I offer the Home I have described in these few words, to you.

But, consider well before you accept it. As you are to pass from the gloom of this Prison to a perfectly new life, where all the means of happiness, from which you are now shut out, are opened brightly to you, so remember on the other hand that you must have the strength to leave behind you all old habits. You must resolve to set a watch upon yourself, and to be firm in your control over yourself, and to restrain yourself; to be gentle, patient, persevering, and good-natured. Above all things, to be truthful in every word you speak. This, and all the rest is easy. But you must solemnly remember that if you enter this Home without such constant resolutions, you will be unhappy, unworthily and uselessly, the place of some other unhappy woman, now wandering and lost; and that her ruin, no less than your own, will be upon your head, before Almighty God, who knows the secrets of our breasts; and Christ, who died upon the Cross to save us. In case there should be anything you wish to know, or any question

you would like to ask about this Home, you have only to say so, and every information shall be given to you. Whether you accept or reject it, think of it. If you awake in the silence and solitude of the night, think of it then. If any remembrance ever comes into your mind, any time when you were innocent and very different, think of it then. If you should be softened by a moment's recollection of any tenderness or affection you have ever felt, or that has ever been shown to you, or of any kind word that has ever been spoken to you, think of it then. If ever your poor heart is moved to feel truly, what you might have been, and what you are, oh think of it then, and consider what you may yet become.

Believe me that I am indeed,

YOUR FRIEND.

DICKENS AND RELIGION*

THIS little book of 130 odd pages claims to be the first book written upon the attitude of the novelist towards religion. We have read it with much interest but without conviction as to its conclusions. It may be the first book bearing the title; but other writers have dealt with the subject with more sympathetic understanding and keener spiritual insight. The title of the book might well have been "Kent and Religion," for in our judgment it more clearly indicates Mr. Kent's attitude than that of Dickens. Mr. Kent has a facile pen and the book is interesting reading as showing his acquaintance with the works of Dickens; many Dickensians will be pleased to have it, and will thank the author for his excellent studies of the humbugs and hypocrites. That, however, might have been done in many fewer pages were not the author so prone to load his pages with quotations from other authors, and one wonders whether Mr. Kent does not rather wish to impress his readers with his own wide range of reading. His dissatisfaction with Dickens seems to be that his novels are not theological treatises; that he does not discuss doctrinal subjects with the profundity of a Doctor of Divinity; that his knowledge and use of the Bible is superficial and "no proof of serious study." Mr. Kent claims to discuss Dickens's attitude to religion "in the light of 1911," but the fact is—Dickens was in advance of his time in his broadminded application of the principles of Christianity as against the oftentimes narrow-minded conceptions of the orthodoxy of his day, and any value the book may have as a serious contribution to the question of Dickens's attitude towards religion is vitiated by its author's supercilious treatment of Dickens's acceptance of the Miracles and the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Faith. For him, Dickens's own words, as recorded in his Will: "I commit my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the broad teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or there," have no value.

* "Dickens and Religion," by W. Kent.

significance. But then the author is a Rationalist, and as such faith is anathema to him. Rationalism and Christianity are absolutely antagonistic to each other; so we are not surprised at Mr. Kent's attitude.

Undoubtedly the book will be warmly welcomed by his many Rationalistic friends whose encouragement led him to amplify the lecture which was its genesis to these dimensions, but his many other Dickens-lover friends will regard it as inconclusive and will more readily agree with Frank T. Marzials who says "There is no evidence . . . that he had ever seen any cause to question the truth of the reply which Christianity gives to the world-old problems of man's origin and destiny. For abstract speculation he had not the slightest turn or taste, with a trust quite simple and untroubled he held through life to the faith of Christ," or with Edward Wagenknecht in his chapter on "The Man and his Soul" in "The Man Charles Dickens," : "We Dickensians, much as we love him, have never felt it necessary to glorify him overmuch nor . . . to pretend that he deserves to be enrolled with the great mystics and the great saints. He was simply a practical thoroughly modern nineteenth-century Englishman who found in the Christian dynamic and the Christian ideal the best solution to the problems of Life. The supreme heights of mystical union with God were not for him. . . . His was not the profoundest religious experience, neither was it by any means the shallowest. . . . He was in the grip of the creative gift that God gave him, and he devoted himself in obedience to its demands. He did not climb the frozen heights in art or in Love or in Faith—how many do? But there is no denying that as fully as he was able and within the limitations of his temperament he loved God and loved Christ and loved God's children and labored for them. They at least will always be in his debt."

A. W. E.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP IN THE PACIFIC

WE have just received news of the formation of a branch of the Dickens Fellowship at Hawaii, Honolulu, sponsored by Mr. Gregg M. Sinclair, Professor of English at the University of Hawaii. It arose out of a suggestion that the birthday of Dickens should be celebrated by a dinner, and keen interest was expressed immediately. A Dickens exhibition was held in the Library, addresses given at various halls, and articles on Dickens appeared in the press. Two hundred and seventy sat down at the Young Hotel, and these included some of the most important people in Hawaii; a parade of characters was held during the dinner, and was a great success. No less than 180 names were taken that evening as willing to form a branch of the Dickens Fellowship, and we look forward with interest to hearing further of this latest extension of the Dickens Fellowship into the remotest parts of the earth.

WHERE LITTLE NELL WAS BORN

SOME
THOUGHTS
BY



THE
PRESENT
TENANT

35 St. James's Square, Bath

THIS house has beside its front door a tablet marked "HEREDWELT CHARLES DICKENS, 1840." Ninety years ago, therefore, this ever to be remembered Englishman, then twenty-eight years of age, stepped in through this same door, along the narrow hallway and up the winding stair to the room on the left where he wrote, a room that faces a small square at the back called St. James's Place.

It is said that Dickens, looking from the window into this ancient courtyard, caught sight of a little girl, a little girl and an old man. Quick as thought he gripped the suggestion, and translated it into the remarkable story of Little Nell of the *Old Curiosity Shop*. This house, therefore, is the birthplace of Little Nell.

Carpenters and masons have never been admitted to play havoc with its belongings; so the same polished handrail, down which he

ger-tips passed lightly, speaks to us still of Dickens; a handrail that has touched the fingers of Napoleon III., of Lady Blessington, of my fellow, of Thomas Carlyle, and said to each one of them: "Now bow to your younger brother, for greater is he than any one of you—Charles Dickens."

There dwelt here, at the time, as master of the house, a man whom Mr Sydney Colvin calls "a king and lion among men," Walter Savage Landor. He was thirty-seven years older than Dickens, and so treated him as a highly favoured son. Seated before the fire in the drawing-room to my right, I seem to see them, and to hear their voices mixed with Landor's vehement peals of heavy laughter.

When some wizard of the day invents a new machine that will call out of the shadows echoes of ninety years ago, we shall assuredly catch a merry round from these meetings of Dickens and Landor.

In this house, then, Dickens not only found Little Nell, but he found Landor as well, and tucked him into *Bleak House* under the name of Boythorn, a character whose talk was all ferocity but whose acts were gentle as a lamb. When he had said his worst, he would throw back his head like a bloodhound and give out a tremendous "ha, ha, ha!" Would that we had it all safe among the wireless wave-records of to-day.

Have you ever seen Dickens's ghost, I am asked. No, but if I did should bounce out of bed and touch my hat to it as a young soldier would to a field-marshal.

Dickens died comparatively young, only fifty-eight years of age, and so was never an old man. This time-worn house, grizzled and gray, does not look at all like him; looks much more like Thomas Carlyle, and yet it has retained the charm that makes it dear. It reminds me of an old gentleman whom I met thirty years ago in Ausanne, Switzerland. He had been a friend of Dickens, had seen and known him. I remember the interest with which I looked upon his wrinkled face and gray hair. So few remain who ever saw Dickens. Miss Florence Tylee is one; she saw him, which endears her to all Dickensians. But this old house interrupts me with the words, "Saw Dickens? Of course I saw him many times; saw him, yes, and knew him, knew him well and liked him." When I think of it and realize that here two special characters were born under Dickens's roof, I take my hat off to this old house and count it a radio station indeed that has sent out its messages of goodwill the wide world over for nearly a hundred years.

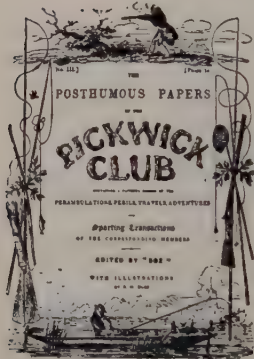
Should the reader, passing here by night, ever catch the swish of a stately tread accompanied by a soft clinging footstep: then you will know that it is Walter Savage Landor, Dickens's friend of friends, stepping out, at the master's bidding, with Little Nell for companion, on their journey round and round the English speaking world.

I have just taken a new lease of the house for seven years. I may buy one of these days and keep it as a Canadian's appreciation of the memory of the great and good Englishman, Charles Dickens.

JAMES SCARTH GALE.

"THE PICKWICK PAPERS" IN "THE DICKENSIAN,"

1905—1929



THAT *The Pickwick Papers* is not only the most popular, but the most discussed of all Dickens's works, is amply illustrated by a review of the twenty-five volumes of *The Dickensian*. The index shows more references to this book than any other, and in this and the following number of *The Dickensian* will be found a complete index to all the Pickwickian in the twenty-five volumes. I have to thank Miss Winifred Matz for much help in the compilation of this new index.

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THE TOPOGRAPHY OF "BLEAK HOUSE"

SOME UNCERTAINTIES EXAMINED

BY W LAURENCE GADD

I.

TOOK'S COURT, CURSITOR STREET, on the eastern borders of Chancery Lane, is easily identified with Took's Court. Here, Mr. Snagsby pursued his lawful calling as a law-stationer, but the actual original of his premises has not been determined. It would be something to know, for certain, on which side of the Court he lived. One or two houses of his period are still standing on the east side, although I am afraid they are doomed to early destruction, and it is customary at such a point to these and to suggest that one of them once had the legend "Peffer and Snagsby" emblazoned on its frontage.

Mrs. Snagsby's drawing-room upstairs commanded a view of part of Took's Court, a squint into Cursitor Street, and a prospect of Coavinses' back-yard. Now Coavinses' is said to have been the sponging-house of the Slowman, and according to Christian Tearle, who made a search of the Law Registers in 1913, it was the only sponging-house in Cursitor Street after the year 1825. In 1843 it came into the possession of the Slowman, who continued the business until about 1864. Tearle thought Dickens went to the house in his Law days to lodge (*Ca-Sa's appias ad satisfaciendum*).

The Slowman's house of custody was at number four Cursitor Street, about half way between Chancery Lane and Took's Court, and if this were Coavinses', the thought naturally arises that Snagsby's shop was on the west side of Took's Court, and that Mrs. Snagsby's drawing-room windows were at the back of the house. This seems to be confirmed by the passage in chapter ten. Mr. Tulkinghorn, having been invited into the back shop, "glances through the little window at the back of Coavinses', the Sheriff's Officer's, where lights shine in Coavinses' windows. Coavinses' coffee-room is at the back, and the shadows of several gentlemen under a cloud loom cloudily upon the blinds."

But, whether Coavinses' was on the west or the east side of Took's Court, I am unable to see how Snagsby's back shop could overlook it, and, at the same time, his drawing-room windows command a view of both this and Took's Court, unless the room had windows at the front as well as at the back of the house.

II.

KROOK'S RAG AND BOTTLE SHOP is described as lying and being in the shadow of the wall of Lincoln's Inn. The shop was "blinded by the wall of Lincoln's Inn, intercepting the light within a couple of yards," which suggests that it was in Star Yard, close to either the Chichester gate, or the Bishop's Court gate in the wall of the Inn. If we take Dickens's description literally, Krook's shop was next door to the "Sol's Arms," on the east side of that tavern; and this would place it nearly in the middle of Chichester Rents, for it is

generally agreed that the "Sol's Arms" was the "Old Ship" tavern numbered 6 and 7, and standing at the north-west corner.

It was a dingy-looking building (shortly before it was pulled down in 1896), with a stuccoed exterior and vulgar grained woodwork; but such as it was, Dickens saw and described it. The "Old Ship" had a considerable frontage to Chichester Rents, with three wide windows, three doors, and some blank wall, the whole topped by an ornamented



Photos by]

8 Chichester Rents, suggested by
Kitton as Krook's Shop



[T. W. Tyrre

The Old Ship,
Chichester Rents

cornice below the first-floor windows. The house next to it on the east side (No. 5) was therefore some distance from the wall of Lincoln's Inn, and certainly not blinded by it within a couple of yards.

Miss Flite's attic window commanded a view of the roof of Lincoln's Inn Hall, but I doubt if the Hall could have been seen from any window of No. 5 Chichester Rents, because some of the houses on the north side of Bishop's Court were too tall to be looked over. One of these old houses—the one next to the wall of Lincoln's Inn and opposite the back of the "Sol's Arms"—was identified by Fitzgerald in 1895 as

book's shop. He said, "At the corner of Bishop's Court, and next Inn wall, we find Krook's, now Whitechurch, a carpenter's, a bumpy mouldering old house with a stair opening on the street like a skin stair."

Allbut identified the rag-and-bottle shop as being on the left-hand side of Bishop's Court, nearest the Inn. He said this shop had a private door and stairway leading to Miss Flite's lodgings. I am not sure whether this was the same shop mentioned by Fitzgerald, or another house opposite to it and adjoining the back of the "Sol's Arms." The tavern, however, appears to have occupied the whole of the Star Yard frontage between the two gates in the wall of Lincoln's Inn, and to have extended back to Bishop's Court. Allbut said No. 3 and I do not think No. 3 Bishop's Court was next to the "Old Ship" tavern, although I am not certain of this.

Kitton identified Krook's shop as No. 8 Chichester Rents. This stood at the left-hand corner of the Rents next to Star Yard, and opposite the "Old Ship." In the roof were two attics, lighted by rather wide windows, from one of which—the one nearer the corner of Star Yard—the cupola and roof of Lincoln's Inn Hall could be seen. None of the above identifications was next door to the "Sol's Arms" on the east side, as stated in *Bleak House*. On the other hand, a shop in that position would not agree with the remark that it was bounded by the wall of Lincoln's Inn within a couple of yards.

III.

THE OFFICES OF KENGE AND CARBOY were in an odd nook in a corner of Old Square, Lincoln's Inn. During the long vacation, the restless Mr. Guppy looked out of the office window into the shade of Old Square, and disconsolately surveyed its intolerable bricks and mortar; but the exact position of the office does not seem to be definitely known. Tearle placed it in a corner on the north side of the Chapel. In 1805, No. 13 Old Square immediately adjoined the Chapel at its north-west corner, and the present No. 13 was then numbered 5. The block of buildings containing No. 13 was demolished at some period after 1805, but I do not know the exact date. If the buildings were in existence in Dickens's time, No. 13 may have been in the corner he described, but there is no trace of it now, and I can find nothing that answers to the description at the present time.

Other changes have been made in the buildings of the Inn since the period of *Bleak House*, for an old print of about that time, or a little earlier, depicts a block of offices or chambers between the Chapel and the Hall, where the arched roadway, usually barred by chains, now forms a passage-way between Old Buildings and Old Square.

Tearle considered that Esther Summerson and Guppy drove into the Inn by the Carey Street gate, and not by the Chancery Lane gate. He said this would be the direct route, and the "silent square" through which they drove may have been Serle Court, or New Square. The Carey Street gate entrance is not now a carriage-way, but old maps indicate that it was such at a former time.

IV.

THE OBSCENE BURIAL GROUND, where Nemo was interred, was the subject of controversy for many years. The earliest investigators, including Fitzgerald, seem to have been fairly unanimous that the burial-ground of St. Mary-le-Strand, formerly lying behind Russel Court, Covent Garden, was the place, as conforming in every respect to Dickens's description. It was a small, hemmed-in space, only 50 paces long, by 15 paces wide, closely surrounded on all sides by squalid dwellings, and only to be got at by a low passage under a house and an iron-clad gate, the upper half of which consisted of vertical bars. The gate was at the foot of four or five steps, the burial-ground being three or four feet above the level of the Court, so that the



The Burial Ground of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields: from a print of 1849

drainage ran down the steps and converted the covered passage into a wet and reeking tunnel.

In May, 1886, the place was converted into a children's playground and ten years later was transferred by the County Council to the Duke of Bedford, by whom the whole district was demolished and rebuilt. Part of York Street now traverses the spot.

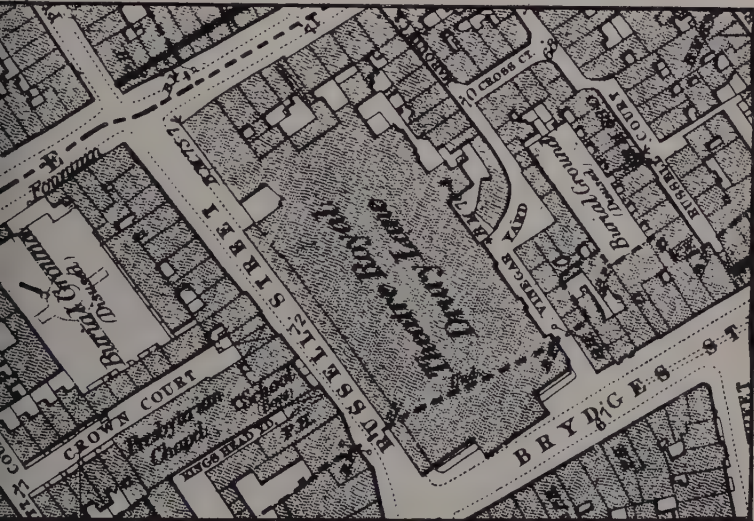
When the demolition occurred, the controversy anent Nemo's burial place broke out afresh. W. J. Gadsden suggested the graveyard in Ray Street, Clerkenwell, as the real place. Kitton was equally certain that the burial-ground in Bream's Buildings was the one Dickens meant, on the ground that he knew his London too well to bury Nemo outside his own parish. Later, C. M. Phillips advanced cogent reasons for suggesting the burial-ground of St. Dunstan's in-the-East, which was, at that time, shut in by houses between Chancery Lane and Fetter Lane, and only accessible by traversing several narrow and tortuous courts and alleys. Phillips admitted, however, that there was no covered passage to the entrance.

Other City graveyards were suggested by various people, and the

Daily Mail" summed up the rival places in August, 1897, and concluded that Nemo's burial-ground was a composite picture of those in Russell Court, Bream's Buildings and Clerkenwell; which appears to me merely a convenient way of getting over a difficulty.

About the same time, Kitton re-entered the field, and pointed out that, according to the book, the burial-ground appeared to be half a mile from the place of death; and, therefore, Dickens buried Nemo out of his parish, "an oversight," said he, "which one would hardly expect from a writer who knew his London so well."

This point was recently again raised by Mr. W. Miller, but I do not agree with his view that Dickens made a mistake. I think Dickens knew the legal aspect of the question perfectly well, and left the reader



The two Burial Grounds in the Drury Lane district

infer that Nemo was buried in the Parish in which he died—witness the calling in of Mooney, the Parish Beadle. He named no particular place, but, for his purpose, he wanted a horrible and loathsome burial-ground, so *described* the worst he knew, one that had made a strong and lasting impression upon him when a boy, wandering about Covent Garden. Many years afterwards, while in America, he wrote to Miss Alfrey: "I do not remember that it is accessible from the street, but when I was a boy it was to be got at by a low covered passage under a house, and was guarded by a rusty iron gate. In that churchyard I long afterwards buried the Nemo of *Bleak House*." (See *The Dickensian*, 1929, page 143.)

The burial-ground of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, apparently indicated in Dickens's letter, is not particularly hemmed in, but is quite open to Drury Lane; and a picture of the place published in the "Illustrated London News" in 1849, shows it to have been no more hemmed in

then than it is now. The wall and the wide gateway were just the same as they are to-day ; and the maps and plans I have been able to consult give no indication of a passage-way or any entrance from Crown Court.

I am inclined to the belief that Dickens intended to convey to his readers that Nemo was buried in the parish in which he died, while the place he actually described was the pestiferous burial-ground behind Russell Court.

MR. PICKWICK'S BATH



Photo by]

V.

[Walter Dextet

" WELCOME to Ba-ath, sir. This is indeed an acquisition. Most welcome to Ba-ath, sir. It is long—very long, Mr. Pickwick, since you drank the waters. It appears an age, Mr. Pickwick."

Mr. Pickwick began to drink the waters with the utmost assiduity. Mr. Pickwick took them systematically. He drank a quarter of a pint before breakfast, and then walked up a hill ; and another quarter of a pint after breakfast, and then walked down a hill ; and after every fresh quarter of a pint, Mr. Pickwick declared, in the most solemn and emphatic terms, that he felt a great deal better.

BURNS AND DICKENS—THE MEN AND THEIR MISSION*

BY SIR JOSEPH DOBBIE
President, World Federation of Burns Clubs

It was in my early youth a popular pastime, pursued most ardently in church and village debating societies, to endeavour to determine by show of juvenile hands, preceded by fierce declamation and invective, which of two quite incomparable public characters was the greater man. The supreme greatness of Dickens and Burns each in his own sphere does not lend itself to such a diversion. On the contrary, my aim is to show that the mission of Charles Dickens was in truth the complement of the mission of Robert Burns.

Dickens and Burns were not uneducated men. Both were self-educated. Their university was the world, the subjects of their study the common men and women among whom they lived, and there could have been no better training for the work they were sent to do. Their names stand high on the bederoll of fame—the one as the greatest of English novelists, the other as the Immortal Bard of Scotland. Had the verdict of literary critics been otherwise it would have mattered little. We would have appealed to the great inquest of the people, and would have awaited with confidence their verdict. Both came and preached to the common people, and the common people have received them gladly.

What manner of man was Dickens? Forster tells us there was in his face that which no time could change and which remained implanted in it unalterably to the last. That was quickness, keenness and tactical power, an eager restless outlook shown on each feature. It was as if made of steel," remarked Mrs. Carlyle. "He has the life and soul in it of fifty human beings," wrote Leigh Hunt, "What eyes his were," wrote Cowden Clark—"large, dark blue, exquisitely shaped. They now swam in liquid suffusion from sense of humour or sense of pathos, and now darted quick flashes of fire when some sense of injustice or some strong emotion touched him." Carlyle has perhaps described his personal characteristics better than any other of his contemporaries—"a most cordial, sincere, near-sighted, kindly, decisive, just and loving man; the good, the gentle high-gifted, ever friendly, noble Dickens, every inch of him an honest man." What manner of man was Burns; according to his contemporaries, Currie tells us that his form indicated agility as well as strength. His well-raised forehead enriched with black curling hair indicated extensive capacity; his eyes were large, dark, full of light and intelligence. The external appearance of Burns was most strikingly indicative of the characteristics of his mind. His stern and haughty countenance easily relaxed into a look of goodwill, pity, or of tenderness. The tones of his voice corresponded with the expression of his features and with the feelings of his mind. Again,

* From a Lecture delivered on 13th March, 1930, before the Edinburgh Branch of The Dickens Fellowship.

Scott tells us that the countenance of Burns was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits; that the eye alone indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large and of dark cast and glowed when he spoke with feeling and interest. "I never saw such another eye," he says, "in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men in my time. His personal endowments were perfectly correspondent to the qualifications of his mind." We know the impression he made on the aristocracy of Edinburgh during his Edinburgh visit. Lord Rosebery says of Burns, "As to the magnetism of his person and conversation there is only one verdict—"No man's conversation ever carried me so completely off my feet." said the Duchess of Gordon, the friend of Pitt and of the London wit and the queen of Scottish society. Professor Dugald Stewart says: "from his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fit to excel in whatever walks of occupation he had chosen to exert his abilities." That is the picture which on the testimony of his contemporaries I ask you to accept as true.

Let us recall the early life histories of Dickens and Burns—the Romancer and the Poet in the making. We are all acquainted with the history of Dickens during the first twenty-one years of his life. We know of his improvident optimistic Micawber-like father, of his experiences in the Marshalsea Prison, of the poor little drudge frequenting pawn offices; working at the age of ten in a factory, tying covers on pots of blacking; his brief period at school; his work as an office boy; and later his employment as a reporter in the parliamentary gallery. The story of Burns is equally familiar. He was blessed with a good father, finely described in the "Cotters Saturday Night," but one who, no more than the father of Charles Dickens, succeeded in the struggle for existence. Burns was a ploughman at 15. He went to school, week about with a brother in his earlier days. At 23 he was working in a flax factory. Later he was struggling to make a living as a small farmer. He settled at Ellisland as a farmer and exciseman but again fate was cruel to him. The golden days at Ellisland soon vanished, and after three years there came the last phase, the five years in Dumfries, from 1791 to 1796. Of his premature death we all know.

Carlyle says that all great men are sent into the world with a message to deliver—with a high mission to accomplish. What was the mission of Burns? We claim for Burns, not only that he is a great poet and great song-writer—that is accepted by all—but we claim that Burns is a social force—one of the most vital social forces which has played and never more than now is playing, a great part in influencing for good the hearts and consciences of the world. As no other has done so well, he commends the fine Scottish characteristics of friendship and hospitality, of love, of domestic happiness and contentment. He preaches the right of men and women to be sociable and happy; the gospel of industry and manly independence; reverence for the law, loyalty to the State; and belief in the Fatherhood of God. As all social workers can testify, the hearts of the common people of our country have remained true to those ideals, and loyal to them under

conditions which might well have produced discontent and lawlessness. Who can doubt that the teaching of Burns re-echoing in the ears of his countrymen for over a hundred years has formed a solid bulwark against the violence which in other lands has swept away the whole foundation of social life, and has done much to keep the people true to all that is best in our domestic life? Burns did more than that—he said of himself, “I am a man, and all things human are akin to me,” and true to that testimony, he voiced the human passion for liberty and individual freedom. He lived in days when civil liberty had yet to be won for the common people, and his fight for political freedom was no small part of the social work he did. He preached the glory of patriotism and loyalty as loudly as he proclaimed the rights of individual man. He lived in evil days for social reformers, at a time when men were hanged or transported for daring to advocate the rights of citizenship. Warned by his superiors that he, a poor exciseman, had no business to have opinions, that he had no right to think, Burns, at no small personal risk, demanded political freedom for the people:—

Here's freedom to him that wad read,

Here's freedom to him that wad write—

There's nae ever fear'd, that the truth should be heard,

But they wham the truth wad indite.

But Burns was no revolutionary. He acclaimed loyalty to the throne as strenuously as he voiced the rights of democracy, and so he sang:—

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,

And the wretch his true-born brother,

Who'd set the mob aboon the throne,

May they be damned together!

Who will not sing, “God save the King,”

Shall hang as high's the steeple;

But while we sing, “God save the King,”

We'll ne'er forget the People.

Burns, with a courage which was then a rare virtue, stood for social justice, for the dignity of work, for love of country, for the rights of manhood. We claim that but for him the soul of Scotland would have ere this have disappeared. In his day Scottish Nationality was dying; it had become a thing of which our countrymen were ashamed, and great work he did in re-creating the national spirit of Scotland.

Burns died at the age of thirty-seven. Dickens attained that age in 1849. Before Dickens was twenty-five he had already made for himself a place in the literary world, and his days of poverty and privation were behind him. Between 1833, when Dickens was twenty-one, and 1849, when he was thirty-seven, he wrote *Pickwick*, *Sketches by Boz*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *A Christmas Carol* and *Dombey and Son*. And Dickens died at the age of thirty-seven, the world would not have been without masterpieces as *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, *A Tale of*

Two Cities, Hard Times, Little Dorrit, Our Mutual Friend, or Edwin Drood.

Burns died in 1796, sixteen years before Dickens was born. The next thirty-six years were critical years in the social history of the United Kingdom. The Napoleonic wars persisted for nineteen of these thirty-six years, followed by years of depression and hardship, through which the flame of civil liberty flickered feebly and social reform received little attention. During these thirty-six years Sir Walter Scott alone stands out in the literary firmament—perhaps the finest literary personality of the Scottish Race—but in the realm of social reform Scott was neither a successor of Burns nor the forerunner of Dickens. As Mr. Baldwin said recently in his fine address on Scott, Scott stood for a feudal social system, a system then slowly dying, a system which implied a powerful if kindhearted aristocracy and a submissive contented rabble, a common people denied all rights to be treated as factors in the national scheme of Government, a system which Dickens satirised in *The Chimes* when he put into the mouth of Lady Bowley the lines:—

O let us love our occupations,
Bless the Squire and his relations,
Live upon our daily rations,
And always know our proper stations.

a system approved by Scott and denounced by Burns and Dickens. That feudal social system was slowly dying, but the protest of Burns was already bearing fruit. The common people were coming into their own, and the principles of popular rights and democratic government were being reluctantly recognised.

In 1833, when Dickens was twenty-one, a new era was opening in our country. The Reform Bill had just become law, and Parliament was recognised for the first time as representing, if somewhat feebly, the people. But the Industrial Revolution had begun and was bringing in its train social injustices not less repellent than those against which Burns effectively protested. From that date throughout the whole period of the life of Dickens we have discreditable chapters of social history which we to-day can scarcely realise, and which are condemned by men and women of all classes and all parties. We know how Dickens lashed out at the social conditions which followed in the train of industrial expansion under the capitalist harrow. The horrors of factory life, the iniquities of the poor law, infant slavery in every sphere of industry, a condition of Society so strange to us that we are quite unable to understand the outlook of sincere liberal-minded men who resolutely opposed such reforms as the reduction of the hours of child labour from twelve to nine hours a day! Dickens felt the passion of the new forces arising around him, of the social injustices and social abuses growing up with the industrial era, and so, in almost every line he wrote we find him protesting for poor-law reform, prison and legal reform, the protection of children, the extension of popular education, and for a sane and noble patriotism. That then was the

mission of Dickens. He, no less than Burns, was sent by High Providence to deliver a message to the world—a message of cheerfulness, of joy and gladness. He, like Burns, knew the life of the very poor, and spoke for and proclaimed the humanity, the dignity of the unarticulate common man. Burns scorned the canting hypocritical clergy of his day. Dickens pilloried the Chadbands and Stigginses of a later generation. Burns sang “Affliction’s sons are brothers in distress, a brother to relieve how exquisite the bliss.” Affliction’s sons found a great champion in Dickens. Through him the Fleet and the Marshalsea disappeared from the face of the earth. He humanised the poor-laws, and abolished the poor-houses and Bumbles of his day, he preached to common men and women that freedom is essential to happiness, he denounced the evil of cruelty and applauded the virtue of kindness to all. It has been well said that he restated the gospel that every preacher has preached if he has received his message from God. Dickens was no ascetic preacher professing contempt for the good things of this life. He believed in the joy of friendship, and in the pleasure of social intercourse. Burns moved by the same sentiment declared as part of his creed—

The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate’er he be,
’Tis he fulfils great Nature’s plan
An’ none but he.

Mr. Baldwin, the late Prime Minister, speaking recently at Dundee, said if he had to sum up his ideals in politics he would sum them up in these words of Burns. His political efforts, Mr. Baldwin went on to say, were directed to making the faith expressed in these words living and active, to give the simple man, in virtue of his manhood, a chance to become the best that is in him. So also preached Charles Dickens and Robert Burns! They preached more than that. If “A Man’s a Man for a’ that” is the marching song of humanity, *Hard Times* awakened and compelled the country to realise that the common people are not mere cogs in the wheels of Industry, their labour to be bought in the cheapest market by industrial Bounderbys and Gradgrinds, that the economic laws of supply and demand must yield to the claims of a higher ethical law. Dickens, no less than Burns, might well have written—

If I am designed yon lordling’s slave
By nature’s law designed,
Why was an independent wish
E’er planted in my mind.

protest for that recognition of the rights of manhood which is part of the common bequest bequeathed to their countrymen by Dickens and Burns.

Dickens died at the early age of fifty-eight. Burns died at the age of thirty-seven. He might well, had fate been kinder, lived to be twenty-four and have met Charles Dickens, then twenty-one. He might have wished him God-speed in fighting the battle of life, comforted

by the thought that the torch as it fell from his faltering hands was passing to one destined to make the world lighter as he had done for toil-worn weary men and women, to bring joy and gladness into their lives—to one destined to voice the message which both were charged by High Providence to deliver—the nobility of honesty and worth, the beauty of friendship, and the rights of manhood. In his great essay on Cromwell, the late Lord Rosebery emphasises the truism that the application of the gifts with which great men are endowed is determined by the requirements of the times in which they appear. "The Cromwell of the nineteenth or the Cromwell of the twentieth century," he says, "would not be the Cromwell of the seventeenth century, for great men are coloured by the age in which they live. He would not be Cromwell in his externals; he would not decapitate; he would not rise in rebellion; he would not speak the Puritan language; but he would retain his essential qualities. He would be strenuous; he would be sincere; he would not compromise with principle." That truth can well be applied to Robert Burns and Charles Dickens. What a believer in Burns and Dickens can doubt that had Burns then lived, the social evils which Dickens denounced would have fired his pen with equally righteous indignation, or that had Dickens been born fifty years sooner in Scotland his voice would have been raised, and his pen used, as strenuously as was the voice and pen of Burns, to protest against the hypocrisy of that day; against the inhibition of joy and cheerfulness; against the denial of the rights of citizenship; that he would have stood then, as he ever did, and as Burns stood, for a gospel of friendship, and manhood, and equality, of peace and goodwill among men, and for the brotherhood of the world. In this war-worn distracted country, if industrial antagonism is to cease and class war be denounced as treason against the community, it will be only by the recognition of human equality and social justice, which Robert Burns and Charles Dickens taught and preached.

We hear much at this time of international peace and of outlawing war. What the world needs is the spirit of brotherhood and co-operation. If war be outlawed, it will not be done by conferences, or by political speeches or treaties. It will only be when universal public opinion has been formed in favour of peace, and when the ideals of Robert Burns and Charles Dickens are accepted by the peoples of the world. Carlyle says of Burns, "He was sent forth from God, a missionary to his generation to teach a higher doctrine, a purer truth." That higher doctrine and that purer truth which Burns teaches were well defined by the then Bishop of Manchester, when he said, speaking in Westminster Abbey of Charles Dickens: "He had a mission which he fulfilled, a gospel message to deliver, bright, joyous, gladsome, the gospel of kindness, of brotherly love, of sympathy. He taught us our duty to our fellowmen, and must be recognised as a teacher sent from God." Confirmed in that belief, the disciples of both, with the same unity of purpose, and the same high ideals, pay homage to the memory of Robert Burns, the Preacher of Brotherhood, and to the memory of Charles Dickens, the Apostle of the People.

PEEPS AT DICKENS



Pen Pictures from Contemporary Sources

VI.—AT WORK.

From "My Father as I recall him," by Mamie Dickens.

When at work my father was almost always alone, so that, with few exceptions, save as we could see the effect of the adventures of his characters upon him in his daily moods, we knew but little of his manner of work. Absolute quiet under these circumstances was essential, the slightest sound making an interruption fatal to the progress of his labours, although, oddly enough, in his leisure hours the bustle and noise of a great city seemed necessary to him. . . .

As I have said, he was usually alone when at work, though there were, of course, some occasional exceptions, and I myself constituted such an exception. During our life at Tavistock House, I had a long and serious illness, with an almost equally long convalescence. During the latter, my father suggested that I should be carried every day into his study to remain with him, and, although I was fearful of disturbing him, he assured me that he desired to have me with him. On one of these mornings, I was lying on the sofa endeavouring to keep perfectly quiet, while my father wrote busily and rapidly at his desk, when he suddenly jumped from his chair and rushed to a mirror which hung near, and in which I could see the reflection of some extraordinary facial contortions which he was making. He returned rapidly to his desk, wrote furiously for a few moments, and then went again to the mirror. The facial pantomime was resumed, and then turning toward, not evidently not seeing, me, he began talking rapidly in a low voice. Passing this soon, however, he returned once more to his desk, where he remained silently writing until luncheon time. It was a most curious experience for me, and one of which I did not until later years, fully appreciate the purport. Then I knew that with his natural

intensity he had thrown himself completely into the character that was creating, and that for the time being he had not only lost sight of his surroundings, but had actually become in action, as in imagination, the creature of his pen.

VII.—AT THE BALL AT THE PARK THEATRE, BOSTON.

From "Forty Years in America," by Dr. T. L. Nichols.

There was a rush near the door, a flutter through the crowded theatre, a hush of expectation, a burst of "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and the author of *Pickwick* and the *Uncommercial Traveller* with all of the humour and pathos that lie between, burst upon our astonished and delighted vision. Then the cheers, then the waving of handkerchiefs from floor to boxes, and all the tiers—and tears, no doubt, of joy and happiness, and bouquets innumerable, gave what was possible to the irrepressible enthusiasm of the hour.

I remember Mr. Dickens as my eye caught him there, with all the throng around him, and he the cynosure of ten thousand eyes, allowing each person present the usual number. His hair was in the bright gloss of its youthful, silken curls; his face was full, and ruddy with English health—not seamed, as now, with the thought and work of all these years. His dress was, I thought, sufficiently pronounced; but he was, on the whole, eminently satisfactory and sufficiently imposing. It was hard to open a passage where two or three thousand people were crowding to see and be near, if possible, to shake hands with him, but with tremendous efforts he was escorted round the room.

VIII.—AT THE FAREWELL DINNER BEFORE HIS EXPEDITION TO THE UNITED STATES.

A Nonogenarian's recollection.

This was indeed a memorable occasion, but the outstanding feature of it in one's memory was the speech made by Dickens in acknowledging the toast proposed by the Chairman, Bulwer Lytton, to his health and *bon voyage*. Ranging from grave to gay, from genuine pathos to the most genial humour and irresistibly comic sallies, it might truly be said to have been as good as a play. And it was evidently the unprepared spontaneous expression of perhaps one of the most creative minds that ever existed.

Although his actual words cannot be wholly recalled, his gestures, his alterations of tone and countenance from grave to gay, from deep pathos to the most charming comedy were irresistible, and kept his audience alternately affected almost to tears, or rocking from end to end with laughter. To vary a description already used, it was better than any play and showed him in his highest form as what he was, the most consummate actor. I can only recall his account of the chairman's various literary triumphs, which he ended with exclaiming "What has he not attempted and what has he not adorned."

Dickens was at that time in the prime of life, a tall, bearded man of

easy and kindly countenance. He was happily busied upon his literary work at his country house at Gad's Hill, where many of his best books were produced.

Listening to him on this occasion with his easy flow of speech, yet always pregnant with well thought-out matter, it could not but occur to some that had he engaged in politics, what an ideal Prime Minister he would have made from his thorough knowledge and intense love of the people, especially the mass of the great middle classes which form the backbone of the country. Had things so turned out, however, we should have lost much that the world could ill spare, those inimitable studies of character and personalities belonging to the great mass of the middle classes which have become an indelible part of the ideology of almost the whole world. Verbal reports of his speech must still be abundant in some of the London papers of the period, the precise date of which has escaped my recollection. But one of the most precious gems of that recollection will ever remain my presence and privilege in seeing Charles Dickens personally and listening to his wonderful speaking on this most memorable occasion.

LOWTHER BRIDGER, 1929.



THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER AND CHEERFULNESS

BY KATE WOODFIELD

I.

A CHEERFUL, happy disposition, a determination to see the fun and joy in life, combined with an optimism to look beyond our troubles and see the silver lining to the clouds, are the greatest assets. Unconscious that in these days of bustle and hard work too many people take themselves, and life, far too seriously, prompts one to turn again to Dickens, and searching among his dream children, which are so many realities to us, to see what is their outlook as portrayed by Dickens. It seems that he has tried to teach those with eyes to see and ears to hear some of the advantages and benefits to be gained by cheerfulness and laughter; so let us select just a few from his numerous characters

to support this contention, though it is not denied that the list could be considerably longer.

The first, and the one which stands out perhaps most prominently is that happy-go-lucky, hail-fellow-well-met, Sam Weller. He seems to be a perfect specimen of cheerful optimism. He is never cross, low-spirited, and if he were asked: "Are we downhearted?" we can imagine the heartiness, and the terrific roar of his "NO!" in reply. His conversation is always full of humour and sparkling with wit. He is never at a loss for words, and can disperse gloom in others by his imperturbable good humour. He is never crushed even when his patron and master puts him in his place. When told to hold his tongue he is not daunted, but merely says: "Wery good, sir, wery good." And we can picture him grinning to himself as he subsides into an unwilling silence.

He commends himself to us also for his devotion and loyalty. It has been said that Sam Weller was necessary to the success of the story when it was published serially, and that from the first number of his appearance *The Pickwick Papers* was an unbounded success. Everyone read about Sam, talked about him, and wanted to know more of his doings. They clamoured for the succeeding numbers and devoured them greedily merely to become better acquainted with him.

It must be admitted, too, that he was necessary to Mr. Pickwick, to whom he was absolutely devoted, and from whom he was not willingly parted. With Mr. Pickwick in the Fleet faithful Sam straightway arranged matters so that he could be there too, and thus attendant on his dear master. Whenever Sam appears on the scene he livens things considerably. His wit saves many a skirmish and tides over many a awkward situation if only because he raises a laugh. He is simply irresistible!

Jolly Mark Tapley has many similar traits. He has much the same disposition and the like spirit of devotion to *his* master. He determines to be cheerful in gloom, hopeful in adversity, helpful in trouble, is a splendid nurse in sickness, and ever resourceful in time of difficulty. His witty remarks enliven pages that would perhaps otherwise be somewhat dull. Though he has not quite the same spontaneous humour and exuberant spirits as the inimitable Sam, nevertheless he follows in his footsteps. He takes no credit to himself for being jolly when conditions are happy or flourishing, and (for want of an apter simile) when "everything in the garden is lovely." He seems to think then that there is no need to be cheerful!

II.

We are told in *A Christmas Carol* that "there is nothing in this world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good humour." And certainly Scrooge's nephew Fred is another who seems to be smitten with the germs of the disease called laughter. When he visited his uncle's office on Christmas Eve he was not one whit dismayed or upset by Scrooge's crossness, sarcasm, or unkind remarks, and as event

proved later, his cheerfulness and good temper really did make an impression of a permanent nature.

After his night with the Spirits, Scrooge was so changed that he actually laughed, and Dickens tells us: "Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most lustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!" "Could anyone resist him? Certainly not the boy to whom he called from his bedroom window to go and purchase the turkey, which he intended sending to Bob Cratchit's. Oh, no, for he was "an intelligent boy. It was a pleasure to talk to him." Thus Scrooge in his altered mood. So different from the treatment meted out only the previous day to the merry boy who ventured to sing a Christmas Carol through the key-hole!

Nothing seemed wrong (except when through his excitement his garments were upside down and inside out!) and all was right to Scrooge on Christmas morning, and we know, because Dickens tells us, that it was a lasting alteration. And who shall say how many were influenced by this change in one who had hitherto been such a cross-stained old curmudgeon? Marley's Ghost, and the Spirits of Christmas Past, Present and Future had done really good work. And did Scrooge care what his neighbours said about him, or what they thought? Not he, for he had resolved to keep Christmas in the only right way, and do what he could for his fellow-men. He had learned that *that* was the right and only road to Happiness, Love and Joy!

And what of Bob Cratchit, with his meagre wage of fifteen shillings a week, and his large family? How did he look upon life? We see him as excited as a schoolboy "going down a slide on Cornhill at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honour of its being Christmas Eve." And then playing at blind man's buff with the children! Worried? Anxious? Not a bit! Wasn't it Christmas Eve, the time for fun and laughter?

And after Scrooge's harsh treatment of his clerk, what is the spirit in which little Bob gives the toast at his family board to "old Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast?" And in what a mild, gentle way he admonishes his wife: "My dear, the children! My dear, Christmas Day!" And all this kindly spirit for his employer, from whom he has so rarely and indeed gets more kicks than ha'pence. No bitterness, no complaining. Oh, the lessons Dickens teaches!

III.

Mr. Micawber, the cheerful, optimistic one, always waiting for something to turn up. Never dismayed, seldom downcast or really worried. Leaving everything to his wife in implicit trust that if she cannot solve their problems and smooth out their troubles, well, then *something* will turn up eventually! He is like a man standing beneath a tree waiting for the fruit to drop into his hand, instead of stretching and plucking it for himself. It is optimism, but of not quite the right kind, as Sam Weller would see it.

And Dick Swiveller, what is his attitude? He is another who is

not worried by his impecunious position, or by adversity. When fortunes are at the lowest ebb and he owes money nearly everywhere in his own mind he writes "No thoroughfare" to so many turning that he has to go nearly all round London to get there! His financial seem to worry him only in a very superficial way, and with it all he can be merry if not wise, as he explains to his friend. If not wise in the generally accepted meaning of the word, he is "wise" to some extent any way. And it takes a clever man to be a fool!

We rejoice with him when the wheel of fortune turns in his favor, and we leave him happily settled with his faithful Marchioness.

Compare these optimistic or merry, inconsequent people with some of the real worriers in Dickens's works. What about Mrs. Nickleby with her silly pretensions; Mrs. Gradgrind, with her poor health; Mrs. Jellyby, with her philanthropic work; Mr. Pecksniff, the hypocrite, with his morals! Are they happy? They never appear so, for they take themselves far too seriously. They never see the joy and the fun there is in life like dear old Sam Weller does. Or if they detect it in others, it is sure to be wrong, for in their young days such things never were!

The ever merry Sam cannot be serious for many minutes together, and after all, which type gets the most fun out of life? There is only one opinion, and if put to the general vote it would surely be unanimously decided that the Marks and the Sams have the best of it.

And are there any Sam Wellers to-day, to beguile us and to cheer us with their nonsense? Yes, rather, and we bless them and love them for it. They are an influence we would not be without by their simple hearty cheerfulness; they impart joy all around, and teach us what a lot of fun there really is in the everyday world if we only look for it and "when found—make a note of!" and the most of it! We have all experienced the good effect of a happy cheery manner, for

"Smile awhile,
And when you smile, another smiles,
And soon there's miles and miles of smiles,
And life's worth while because you smile."

Never forget, as Dickens tells us, that there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humour.



THE PARADOX OF DICKENS

BY J. H. McNULTY

It seems absurd at the outset to speak of Dickens and paradox, absurd because it is the last thing we should naturally associate with his name or works. His books are easy to read and understand, his meaning always clear, his intention and object beyond question. He never puzzles or teases the reader, or sets him difficult problems to solve, all is plain and lucid. But the moment we look beyond the mere text of the books, everything is altered.

The details of his life, and the circumstances surrounding the writing, publication, or reception of the books present us with a series of surprises, mysteries and contradictions which may be called the Dickens Paradox.

The trials and anxieties of his unhappy childhood, the imprisonment of his father, and the misery of the blacking warehouse, partly told in *David Copperfield*, instead of embittering him, appear to have had the reverse effect.

The happy childhood which he missed in his early years seems to have come to him in later life, and it is not too much to say that the child who was never young became the man who was never old. Indeed, he appears to have grown younger as the years rolled by, and the author of *Edwin Drood* is a younger man than the writer of *Oliver Twist*.

We are so accustomed to enjoy his books that we are inclined to overlook the extraordinary contradiction contained in their very nature. They are really "Tracts for the Times," protests against social evils of the most horrible kind. The hardships of the Poor Law, the cruelty of the workhouse and the debtors' prison are gloomy subjects, and books dealing with such horrors might naturally be expected to be gloomy. On the contrary, they contain more laughter than any other books we possess. The saddest subjects produce the funniest and jolliest books.

Individual works show the same paradox, for *The Pickwick Papers*, the best known of all, is also the most misjudged. People who ought to know better will tell you that *Pickwick* is on a lower moral plane than the other books, and that it is lacking in moral purpose.

The truth is that *Pickwick* is, if anything, overburdened with moral purposes, for it attacks nearly every abuse which is dealt with in detail in the later volumes, unscrupulous journalism, the injustice of the law, the debtors' prison, and so on.

Martin Chuzzlewit presents us with another curious fact. It is without question one of his greatest novels, certainly the greatest of the time it was written, yet it is his first and only failure. Why the public, which had bought the earlier and less important novels by the thousand should have refused to read the greater book is a mystery. Whatever the reason be, the book was a comparative failure, and *A Christmas Carol* was begun "with but the special sign of adding something to the Chuzzlewit balance" (Forster). And here is another surprising fact, for from this totally inadequate

motive sprang his most characteristic book. You may imagine Dickens marching down the corridors of time without having written *Barnaby Rudge* or the *Tale of Two Cities*, or, indeed, any of his other works, but not without *A Christmas Carol*. It is a cry straight from the heart and addressed to every unselfish, and indeed to every selfish heart. "*Cor ad cor loquitur*" might be taken as the motto for this book, merely written to increase "the Chuzzlewit balance." It seems absurd, only it happens to be true. His first failure produced one of his greatest successes. Of course, when once started, the original motive was entirely forgotten, and he threw himself heart and soul into the work with intense feeling and earnestness. Even so the position is sufficiently startling. Horace's dictum is here again proved true. "*Si vis me flere dolendum est primum ipsi tibi.*" Thus the reader addresses the author, and it is the laughter at his character and the tears he sheds over them, that have made them so real to thousands have laughed and wept with him.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood completes the paradox which runs through his whole life. Of all his books it is the one in which we are most interested in the plot, the one where we really wish to know the end, and the only one where we can never know it. Every one has a solution, but every solution is different; so many have been suggested that probably the right one has been found, but which it is no one can tell, for there are reasonable objections to all. The unfinished novel has thus become the most finished, and much as we must wish that Dickens had lived to complete the work, the unfinished book has given greater pleasure than any completed work ever could have done. Could Dickens return and solve the mystery his solution would be a disaster. "Othello's occupation would be gone." *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* retains its title by remaining unfinished.

Possibly one further paradox might be added, and it is this, that the people's novelist not only appeals to the ordinary people, but has a curiously strong appeal to men and women of the highest intelligence. It is usually only among persons of very mediocre talents, people with middle-class minds, which is not at all the same thing as belonging to the so-called middle class, that we find distaste for his work and disparagement of his genius.

Among his admirers are poets like Swinburne, Mrs. Meynell, Andrew Lang, Longfellow and Noyes; churchmen like Cardinal Manning; critics and writers like Ruskin, Gissing, Saintsbury, Santayana, Quiller-Couch, Priestley and Chesterton.

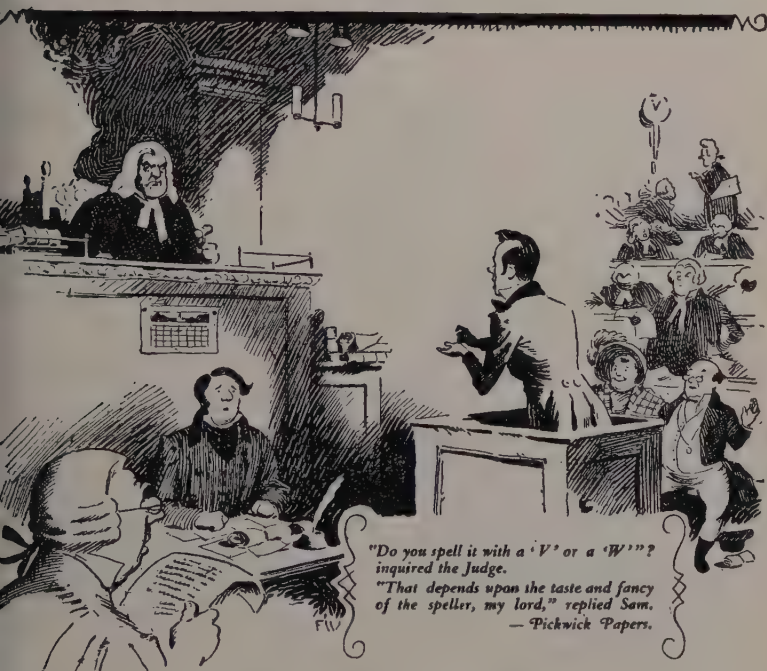
The "man in the street" in his love of Dickens finds himself in agreement with some of the greatest writers in modern times, and the novelist who never wrote a paradox presents us with perhaps the greatest paradox in literature.

THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS

Will readers kindly note that in titling the portraits of the brothers Grant on page 142 of the last number the names of William and Daniel were transposed.

DICKENS IN ADVERTISING

[T is interesting to see how the use of Dickens as a medium for advertising is extending. From Sydney, New South Wales, I have received a series of newspaper advertisements, two of which are so much to the point that I cannot refrain from printing them in full. The first takes the well-known incident from *Pickwick*, when Sam Weller is giving evidence at the trial.



"It didn't matter much to Sam how his name was spelt—with a We,' or otherwise," says the advertisement. "Weller or Veller, it meant Sam all the same. But to be so careless about names is not 'a very sound principle.' So when your 'taste and fancy' lead you to the ordering of a bitter ale, remember that the full name of the most satisfying bitter is 'Tooth's Sydney Bitter Ale.' Be definite about—see that what you get is *Tooth's*."

There is one other advertisement having reference to a "point" in this famous trial. This is how the advertisers make the most of the opportunity afforded them by the "little judge":

"Hearsay is not evidence. Use your own judgment. By actual trial, prove for yourself that there is no bitter ale which even approaches in quality Tooth's Sydney Bitter Ale. But be sure it is *Tooth's*."

And then a paraphrase of Sam's remark of what the soldier said.

"It's 'little to do'—to say *Tooth's*—but there's 'plenty to get' in real enjoyment if you do so."

The second is exceedingly novel, and depicts the scene in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, when the Single Gentleman reveals to Dick Swivell the contents of his magic box "a kind of temple, shining as of polished silver," from which he produces a newly-cooked steak, a freshly-cooked egg and hot coffee for breakfast. As the advertisement points out



"Dick Swiveller was always 'open to a modest quencher' if the materials were at hand—a trait common to the majority of men to-day. But much depends upon the nature of the 'materials,' and if the same shrewd caution which marked the inimitable Richard is shown in your own choice of liquor, you'll always ask for *Tooth's Sydney Bitter Ale*."

II.

During the Christmas season, Fox's Glacier Mints instituted a Dickens advertising campaign in over thirty newspapers, under the presidency of Mr. Pickwick: "It warms my heart to think of the happiness of all my friends. God bless them all."

Oliver Twist naturally asked for more; Sydney Carton uttered the opinion that it was a "far, far better" sweet. Mrs. Gamp put the

mints upon the chimley-piece, "they're so compoging." Barkis was willin', and Uriah Heep offered his 'umble opinion. Sergeant Buzfuz added a line to the famous warming pan letter by saying "but don't forget the Glacier Mints"; and the "gentleman in small clothes" placed a bottle of the sweets upon the garden wall for Mrs. Nickleby, since she had once expressed her liking for them. And so on; a highly commendable selection, which, if a trifle hackneyed, have the excuse that they attracted the public by their homely similes.

Exceptionally good, and outside the category referred to above was the advertisement of Scrooge's awakening on Christmas morning, reproduced herewith. According to the letterpress, the following conversation ensued with the famous boy (unnamed):



"Do you know the confectioner's in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge enquired.

"I should hope I did," said the lad.

"An intelligent boy," said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy. Do you know whether they've any Fox's Glacier Mints? Whether they've a lot of them, I mean?"

"The window's full of them," returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy. It's a pleasure to talk to him!" said Scrooge. "Here's money. Go and buy the lot of them."

"Walk-ER," said the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge. "I'm in earnest. . . . I'll send the lot to Bob

Cratchit's," he whispered, rubbing his hands and splitting with a laugh. "That will cheer the family up. That will please Tiney Tim. I know them. They are so delicious. They've such a wonderful flavour. They're so soothing. There never was such a joke. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending a window full of Glacier Mints to Bob, will he?"



Mr. Pickwick at the "Magpie and Stump"

We now give a further example of Mr. Arthur Moreland's Dickens Advertisements for "Country Life" Tobacco, supplementing those on page 132 of the current volume, and page 133 of the 1929 volume.

DESMOND ON DICKENS

THE modern novelist is generally supposed to lack appreciation of or admiration for Dickens's works. Be that as it may, it certainly is not true of Mr. Shaw Desmond, who showed both, in full measure, in his brilliant lecture on "Dickens as seen through the eyes of a modern novelist" at The Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, on March 21st.

Seldom have the London members listened to such a fascinating and stimulating address. Fascinating, because of the lecturer's melodious voice, impressive personality, charm of manner and un-

doubted gifts of oratory. Applause so spontaneous and prolonged has seldom been heard at these functions. Stimulating, because so many new lines of thought were presented for consideration and discussion. For instance, he pointed out that Dickens's characters in many cases run in pairs; Chadband and Stiggins are almost the same man, and Mark Tapley and Sam Weller are closely allied when stripped of external mannerisms. Many other pairs can be found by the enquiring and interested student.

That Ralph Nickleby was one of Dickens's failures as a character is a new idea to most of us, yet on reading anew the scenes in which he takes part, one is bound to admit his unconvincingness, and the lack of that living personality which is so generally found in a Dickens character.

But it must not be supposed that the audience agreed with all that the lecturer said. Far from it. Neither did he expect them to. His contention that Dickens failed lamentably in his portrayal of love scenes and episodes provoked a good deal of interesting opposition and discussion.

The love of David Copperfield for Dora was instanced as a great love, in spite of the fact that Dora herself might be considered a dimpering nonentity. Mr. Desmond, who dealt with each criticism as it came along, countered that by saying that this episode would have been flat and poor but for its humour. David's tight boots, impossible waistcoats and so forth—these touches were needed to redeem it from the commonplace. I do not think the audience quite agreed with him.

The idyll of John Westlock and Ruth Pinch and their meetings in Fountain Court, Temple, were then put forward as love-scenes of high literary quality and beauty. The lecturer admitted that this was a harder case to answer, but still maintained that these scenes, though dainty and pleasing, were not "Art."

Here, I think, many of us will join issue with him. Surely the function of art is to hold the mirror up to nature, and few who have known what love is, have failed to feel a responsive thrill when reading those simple, natural and altogether charming passages. Mr. Desmond instanced the description of Nancy's love for Bill Sikes as being on a much higher artistic level. More tragic, more violent, more unusual, those scenes certainly were, and no one can deny their gripping power. But does that make them better "Art" than the simple descriptions of feelings which thousands of ordinary people have experienced, though none but Dickens has been able to put into such illuminating words? Against these criticisms, however, one must set the unbounded praise the lecturer gave to Dickens as a creator of characters. No one in his own day or since could hold a candle to him in that respect. That, of course, is a commonplace to us Dickensians, but it was refreshing to hear it from such a source.

One other thing. Mr. Desmond plumped for *David Copperfield* as Dickens's best book. I agree with him!

W. B. WARREN.



YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT—

Drawn by]

Ruth Whittaker r

Dickens died sixty years ago.

* * * * *

The table on which Dickens wrote the last lines of *Edwin Drood* is on exhibition at The Dickens House.

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The manuscripts of the majority of Dickens's novels are in the Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

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The *Bardell v. Pickwick Breach of Promise Trial* was heard on St. Valentine's Day.

* * * * *

The Dickensian, first published twenty-six years ago, holds the record of life of any publication devoted to one author.

* * * * *

The quaint shop in Portsmouth Street, London, calling itself "The Old Curiosity Shop," has no connection with the home of Little Nell.

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Dickens's sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth, died at 48 Doughty Street, and the shock caused a temporary cessation in the writing and publication of *The Pickwick Papers* and *Oliver Twist*.

* * * * *

The town of Reading once invited Dickens to represent them in Parliament, but he declined on account of the expense of a contested election.

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Writing of the approaching death of Little Nell, Dickens said: "I tremble to approach the place a great deal more than Kit . . . nobody will miss her like I shall. It is such a very painful thing to me that I really cannot express my sorrow."

* * * * *

When Dickens visited Stratford-on-Avon and Lichfield with Forster and Maclise in 1840, the party found themselves so short of cash that they had to send into Birmingham to pawn their watches.

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The characters of Mr. Pickwick, Tony Weller, and Sam Weller were re-introduced in *Master Humphrey's Clock*.



WIND IN THE EAST AND WEST

BY
RUTH WHITTAKER



MOST people frown upon the east wind, but Mr. Jarndyce surely goes too far when he assigns to it all the ill-humours and mistakes of mankind. Personally I like the east wind ; it gives me wings, and life. The very word "east" has a magic sound. All the loveliest fairy-tales have come on the back of the east wind, gathered on his travels through those romantic lands that lie between here and sunrise. When the four brothers met in the Cavern of the Winds, how pale were the adventures of the other three compared with the east wind's visit to the Garden of Paradise !

They tell me the east wind comes laden with continental dust and germs, but to me it breathes fragrant spices and perfumes of wondrous bazaars, rich silks, palanquins, smiling little maidens with chrysanthemums in their hair, memories of old tales and of the Three Wise Men. The east wind is the very essence of exuberant giving and abundance. Yet when Mr. Jarndyce in his modesty wants a cloak for his generosity, he fastens on the *west* wind ! That damp, destructive, depressing wind that so far from encouraging generosity, bids us save for a rainy day ! And envelops us on occasion with "damp moist" flapping clothes, chills and despairing thoughts of sunset and death closing in on us before we have begun to live. True, it was the west wind which inspired Shelley to write the ode which Mr. Hutchinson has immortalised, but how much brighter might have been his thoughts if only the east wind had been his theme !

The west wind weeps and wails, but the east wind shouts and halloos. I am sure Mr. Chesterton loves the east wind. It can play too—a great virtue. It was the east wind, particularly, that made Trotty Peck's monotonous life more interesting. "He didn't seem to wait so long for a sixpence in the wind, as at other times ; the having to fight with that boisterous element took off his attention, and quite freshened him up, when he was hungry and low-spirited." And what games they had together ! "Sometimes it seemed to come sooner than it had expected, for bouncing round the corner, and passing Toby, it would suddenly wheel round again, as if it cried, 'Why, here I am !' Incontinently his little white apron would be caught over his head like a naughty boy's garments, and his feeble little cane would be seen to wrestle and struggle unavailingly in his hand, and his legs

would undergo tremendous agitation, and Toby himself all aslant, and facing now in this direction, now in that, would be so banged and buffeted, and touselled and worried, and hustled, and lifted off his feet as to render it a state of things but one degree removed from a positive miracle that he wasn't carried up bodily into the air as a colony of frogs or snails or other very portable creatures sometimes are, and rained down again, to the great astonishment of the natives, on some strange corner of the world where ticket porters are unknown."

The west wind can also be playful on occasion, but it has a malicious touch. It was undoubtedly the west wind which played that rascally trick on Mr. Pecksniff, slamming the door in his face and sending him on his back at the bottom of the steps. Then, we are told, "the boisterous rover hurried away rejoicing, roaring over moor and meadow, hill and flat, until it got to the sea, where it met with other winds similarly disposed, and made a night of it."

The wind must have been responsible for many abrupt introductions and upsets. The first thing we hear of Mrs. Williams is that "she had been taken off her legs so often by the wind." But Mrs. Williams, we must remember, was peculiarly sensitive to the elements, and could be "taken off her balance by air, as being once overpersuaded by a friend to try a swing at Peckham Fair, which acted on her constitution instantly like a steamboat."

If we all had a wind as well as an angel to guard us, Dickens must surely have been the child of the east wind; both have the same boisterous qualities, whirling into all the corners and sweeping out the cobwebs—they are fine spring-cleaners of mind and body. There are times when this exuberance is a little wearing: the cool of the evenings when one sits with face turned to the sunset, and listens to the silence and thinks that if old age is anything like this it won't be so very bad after all, then it is pleasant to feel the caress of the west wind in his gentler mood, or his poetical brother, "Zephyr," on one's cheeks. But when one comes "to sail beyond the sunset"—the east wind is the fellow!

There is a lovely little story by Fiona Macleod, of a far-off Sunday when Jesus walked alone, and looked back on the home of his parents: Joseph, with shoulders bent, sat on a bench dreaming into the west; Mary was standing, shading her eyes as she looked to the east, dreaming her dream. "So shall it be till the day of days," Christ said, "even so shall the hearts of men dwell among shadows and glories, in the West of passing things: even so shall that which is immortal turn to the East and watch for the coming of Joy through the Gates of Life."

A DICKENS MISSING WORD COMPETITION

Mr. F. J. Hansor, of the Eastbourne Branch, has prepared an amusing missing word competition entitled "Mr. Pickwick goes to Bath." Three prizes are offered and the result will be made known in the next issue of *The Dickensian*. The entry forms cost sixpence each (postage extra) and can be obtained of Mr. Hansor, at 7 Upland Road, Eastbourne. The proceeds go to the funds of the Dickens Hall at Eastbourne.

CONTEMPORARY CRITICISMS



His knowledge is extensive, his observations acute, and his sentiments sound and instructive.—*Monthly Review*, March, 1836.

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We would recommend him to proceed, for, unless he fall off very miserably in his subsequent efforts, he can scarcely fail to become a successful and popular author.—*Chambers' Journal*, April 9th, 1836.

* * * * *

He really deserves to be ranked as an originalist, although we are far from according to this distinction a very high station.—*Monthly Review*, February, 1837.

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At the present moment he is unrivalled in the peculiar line he has selected, and to the wonder of everybody, has risen from comparative obscurity to a high point of fame in the short space of a single year.—*Chambers' Journal*, April 28th, 1837.

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The literary Teniers of the Metropolis.—*London and Westminster Review*, July, 1837.

* * * * *

Mr. Dickens writes too often and too fast . . . if he persists much longer in this course, it requires no gift of prophesy to foretell his fall—he has risen like a rocket, and he will come down like the stick : let him give his capacity fair play, and it is rich, vigorous and versatile enough to ensure him a high and enduring reputation.—*Quarterly Review*, October, 1837.

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A very original writer—well entitled to his popularity—and not likely to lose it.—*The Edinburgh Review*, October, 1838.

* * * * *

Whoever supposes that the history of the Parish Boy's Progress will be as popular twenty years hence as it has been and is now, has tastes and expectations very different from those entertained by us.—*Monthly Review*, June, 1839.

* * * * *

We object *in toto* to the staple of *Oliver Twist*. A series of representations which must familiarize the rising generation with the haunts, words, language, and characters of the very dregs of the community.—*Quarterly Review*, June, 1839.

* * * * *

We cannot think that he will live as an English Classic. He deals too much in accidental manifestations and too little in universal principles. Before long his language will have passed away, and the manners he depicts will only be found in a dictionary of antiquities.—*Westminster Review*, October, 1864.

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For lasting purposes of good, the literary man has a noble opportunity, and nobly has Dickens used it.—*The Biographical Magazine*, 1852.

MR. PICKWICK'S BATH



Photo by]

VI.

[T. W. Tyrrell

SAM WELLER . . . walked with great deliberation to Queen Square, whistling as he went along, several of the most popular airs of the day, as arranged with entirely new movements for that noble instrument the organ, either mouth or barrel. Arriving at the number in Queen Square to which he had been directed, he left off whistling, and gave a cheerful knock, which was instantaneously answered by a powdered-headed footman in gorgeous livery, and of symmetrical stature.

"Is this here Mr. Bantam's, old feller?" inquired Sam Weller, nothing abashed by the blaze of splendour which burst upon his sight, in the person of the powdered-headed footman with the gorgeous livery.

"Why, young man?" was the haughty inquiry of the powdered-headed footman.

"'Cos if it is, jist you step into him with that 'ere card, and say Mr. Veller's a waitin', will you?" said Sam. And saying it, he very coolly walked into the hall, and sat down.



Drawn by]

[Ruth Whittaker

THE PLACE OF "PICKWICK" IN LITERATURE

SIR,—I have just been re-reading Mr. Walters' article on "The Place of *Pickwick* in Literature." I feel inspired with all the diabolical evils attributed to Quilp—I could "bite him"; indeed I could. However, instead I will just say this—that *The Pickwick Papers* is one of the finest books in the world. I would choose it above all others without exception if I had to, for it is so very, very human and real; and although I have read it more times than I could count, each time I take it up I have a greater treat. What does it matter whether spectacles change from blue to green, or periodicals are dated upside down, for that matter; what are these trivialities, and I will confess even to have noticed them before, compared with the wonderful experience of putting one's hand in that of Charles Dickens and wandering with him wheresoever he has a mind to take you—laughing with him when he laughs, or feeling perhaps the melancholy that overadows him likewise. No wonder I did not notice the spectacles that changed from blue to green if he did not; I was too happy and grossed to pay attention to things that mattered not.

So I am angered when I read of these things and wonder why these could-be great ones do not bathe in the radiance of a glorious spirit and imbue their own with some of its immortal glory, instead of trying to cast their shadow of criticism on the works of one human being whom I say, without hesitation, possessed the greatest understanding of his art since Solomon. More so than he, in fact, for personally I do not think much of that illustrious king, who lived a life of voluptuous ease and then, blasé in his latter days, sat down to write words of wisdom. Certainly he spoke from experience; who would doubt it? And that his experiences embittered him no one wonders at; also from his lofty eminence of ease and luxury, he found it diverting, to say the least of it, when he could get out of the way of his womenfolk, to hold forth to the humbler ones. Yes! Solomon may have been a very wise man, and all very well in his way, but give me my lessons from the one whose Youth, with its sensitive soul, struggled against hardships in a blacking factory and came through purged of life's trivialities, with a great understanding heart and a crusader for humanity.

Please forgive me if, like old Jacob Marley, I am wont to be somewhat flowery," but when one realises the stupendous power, feels the generosity of his spirit, ordinary language fails to explain one's feelings. Now he must have searched every heart he met, that he knew and understood so well all the feelings that have their home in the human breast. What other man could portray so clearly the whimsical humour, the voracious greed, the genial spirit, the tortuous passions, the suave hypocrisy, the pretentious respectability, the gentle tenderness—all of which go to make the hearts of the world, the human beings that inhabit it? What a range, boundless and unlimited? Yet always

was the picture clear and vivid in its colouring, be it vice or virtue. What other man could take you in the spirit through the countryside as Charles Dickens so often does, until you see the rime upon the hedge, feel the wind ruffle your hair, hear the leaves rustling, see the sun lighting up the window panes and the vane on the church spire. In Chapter II. of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The description is real, beautiful and as immortal as its author, and in his company one feels the joy of living. Again, what of the snow, the moors bleak and desolate, *Nicholas Nickleby*? Who, reading these passages, does not mentally make that ride, shiver as the wind blows keener, hear the jovial man chatting away, or a whimper from the tired miserable little boy? And yet again—who, on their journey to Dingley Dell of *Pickwick* fame, does not instinctively poke the fire into “a blaze against father coming home?” What a power, what a soul, what a man! How I knew and felt the joy of a little child’s laugh, the shadow of a man’s overwhelmingly sorrow!

No wonder Charles Dickens is immortal; could such a heart be otherwise? Such love of humanity, so great an understanding; that radiance glowed from the man’s very soul. Immortal ever, and akin in its human efforts to those of the Divine Teacher. To quote a line from Shakespeare, “and earthly power doth then shew likest God’s” would be applicable to the soul and spirit of Charles Dickens, penning his message to the world.

Oxford.

D. A. POPHAM.

NOTES AND QUERIES FROM NEW ZEALAND

SIR,—As one to whom the writings of Charles Dickens have been a constant source of help and delight for more years than he cares to remember, I should like in writing to you to touch upon several incidents and curiosities in the master’s books, which I have not seen mentioned elsewhere. Though of little moment, they may perhaps prove interesting to your readers.

MRS. CLENNAM’S HOUSE.—Questions have on more than one occasion been asked in *The Dickensian* as to where this house was situated, but without result. I do not pretend to answer the question, because I think it was pulled down when Queen Victoria Street was cut through from The Poultry to Blackfriars. From internal evidence in *Little Dorrit* it must have been somewhere between St. Paul’s and the river. One little matter, however, may be worth considering. To my knowledge, in the ‘eighties of last century, there was, in Upper Thames Street, between the tower of St. Mary Somerset and St. Benet’s Church on the river side of the street and close to Trig Lane, an old building known as Trig Wharf. This wharf was owned or leased by a firm named Horne and Crampton; later the firm became Horne and Co. Trig Wharf was an awkward place to get at, the entrance being through a kind of tunnel, but access could also be obtained through the yard of Miles Druce and Co., a firm of iron merchants, whose store was an old house, propped up by struts, adjoining. On the river front of Trig Wharf and part of the messuage was another old house which, as a young man, I entered on various occasions when I had business at the wharf. I was taken into rooms in this house, which might easily have suggested rooms in Mrs. Clennam’s house to Charles Dickens, one in particular with windows on the river, part living-room and part office, so general at the time of which Dickens wrote (similar to that of Chuzzlewit and Co.), had a mirror over the chimney-piece, with old-

fashioned ornaments (I cannot swear to the little niggers). The room had not been touched apparently for many years, and was in great disorder, old books being heaped anyhow on the floor, reminding one of the room in which Tom Pinch worked for Fips and Co. Now, Horne and Crampton were both large coach proprietors in the old days, and were known to Dickens. What more likely than that Charles Dickens visited Trig Wharf and its neighbourhood, and gathered ideas for Mrs. Lennam's house from what he saw there. This is all conjecture, of course, but it may be the means of setting someone on the track.

MR. F'S AUNT.—It is curious to notice in the picture "Visitors at the Works" a young male face with slight moustache of a foreign type in the drawing of Mr. F's Aunt's head and bonnet; this is very distinct.

THE CHIMES.—In the drawing of the New Year's dance, Mrs. Chicken-walker's head in the large bonnet gives the impression of two faces.

THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.—Picture of Quilp near an old gateway; this must have been drawn from the Bar Gate, Southampton, on the London side. If you compare Phiz's drawing with a clear photo you cannot fail to see the resemblance. The only difference between the gate and the picture is that the artist has inserted Gothic niches in the buttresses of the gate and in the pedestals under the grotesque lions; otherwise the drawing and the gate are identical.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.—In one place Pip's apprentice premium is spoken of as being in "pounds." Miss Havisham, however, spoke of guineas." Were the terms synonymous in those days?

DOMBEY AND SON.—Chapter 3: Why did the man trill the little bell of the Dutch clock as he went along the street?

In conclusion, I would like to ask if it has been commented upon that Dickens actually *joked* as he described the weird and impressive dramatic scene in the long drawing-room at Chesney Wold on that evening when doom was falling upon the proud family; and that which is the marvellous power of his pen the very jokes intensify the grotesqueness of the scene.

Wellington, N.Z.

EDGAR S. HOLMES.

FECHTER

SIR,—Mr. Wagenknecht may be right in the [interpretation he puts on Dickens's interest in Fechter. All the same, I do not think it was incorrect in calling it an obsession. Fechter must have been an actor of outstanding quality. Dickens recognised that, and if he saw that the man had moral defects or weaknesses that threatened to stand in the way of his career, and did all in his power to help him to combat those defects, that is immensely to his credit. At the same time I believe that Fechter early realised on which side his bread was buttered, and took full advantage of Dickens's desire to help and of the novelist's high opinion of his gifts. I ask permission to express my own opinion, based, as all opinions of actors who are dead and gone must be at best, on a conscientious reading of the records of the theatre; and it is that, good actor though he must have been, Fechter was not in the first flight by any means, and that but for Dickens he could not have achieved any real fame. As for the man himself, I can only record here what I have not recorded previously. When I was writing "The Dickens Circle" I had a long interview with the late Marcus Stone in his studio in Kensington. Some of the things he told me on that occasion are related in my book, but not his references to some of Dickens's friends. Of Edmund Yates he said, "The man was

no gentleman," and he said it with an emphatic gesture of contempt. Of Fechter he said "None of his friends could understand Dickens' obsession for the man. He was a waster, and ended as we all know he would. He was not worth the trouble Dickens went to in his behalf." Writing with this interview fresh in mind, and with my shorthand notes of the conversation open on my desk, it was natural that I should use the word "obsession."

Newport (Mon.).

J. W. T. LEY.

PICKWICK IN MUSIC

SIR.—A contributor (M.H.), writing in the Spring Number of *The Dickensian*, mentions a "Pickwick" Suite by a German composer and surmises that this is the first time a composer has been inspired by Dickens to write for the piano. But a well-known English writer, Mr. Felix White, composed a suite for piano entitled "A Dickens Note-book," which was published by Novello in 1921. The titles of the movements are: "Tom Pinch drives to Salisbury," "Ruth and John—Fountain Court," "In Salisbury Cathedral," and "Master Tapley"—with appropriate quotations as headings.

York.

C. H. STEEL.

"POPE JOAN"

SIR.—Can any reader tell me where I can find a description of this old round game. In the "Topical" Edition of *Pickwick* there is an engraving of a Pope Joan board.

Bedford Park, W.4.

FRANCIS A. BROOKS, M.D.

DICKENSIANA OF THE QUARTER

BOOKS

Dickens and Religion, by W. Kent. Watts and Co. 1s. and 2s.
The London of Dickens, by Walter Dexter. Pocket Edition Illustrated. Cecil Palmer, 3s. 6d.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"John Jasper—Strangler," by Howard Duffield. *The Bookman* (U.S.A.), February.

"A Dickens Fragment," by J. W. T. Ley. *Western Mail*, 11th March.

"The Failures of Dickens," by J. H. McNulty. *The Old Lady Threadneedle Street*, March.

"Dickens and Children," and "The Local Revival of Dickens," Rev. Henry Restarich. *The Friend* (Honolulu), January and February.

"Dickens's Southwark Re-visited," by G. F. Young. *The Parish Paper* (St. Saviour's, Southwark), April, May.

The record price of £480 was paid at Sotheby's in April for a letter from Dickens describing in characteristic language his meeting with President John Tyler in 1842.

Southampton Branch reports great interest has been taken during the season in the study of *Bleak House*, an increase in the attendance at discussions being noticeable. The Birthday was celebrated at a social at which many members attended in costume. The Dickens Evening to "Toe H" was greatly appreciated. Mr. Kenneth Vickes, Principal of Southampton University College has been re-elected President of the branch.

FELLOWSHIP NOTES

CONTRIBUTED BY BRANCHES



Drawn by]

[Ruth Whittaker

SPECIAL NOTICE

The Editor regrets that it is impossible to do adequate justice to all branches by printing full accounts of each meeting in these pages; with over 60 active branches holding at least one meeting a month, the whole of "The Dickensian" would be necessary for full reports of their various activities. Branch Secretaries are therefore kindly asked to keep their reports as brief as possible, recording only special features, remembering that a list of their meetings has already appeared in the Diary.

Owing to limitation of space the Editor cannot guarantee to print every report received.

Latest date for receiving reports and particulars for the Diary or the next number is August 8th.

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It says much for the enthusiasm of the Cheltenham members that the attendances at the December and January meetings were very lightly below the normal, in spite of the extremely severe weather prevailing. The first meeting was a recital by Mr. J. Cooper Sands, of Nottingham. His performance was excellent and was very greatly appreciated. The January meeting was arranged by the ladies of the Committee. A number of members attended in Dickensian costume, and prizes were awarded. In January the branch gave a supper and entertainment to the blind people of Cheltenham, in co-operation with Miss Wynne-Lloyd, the local Secretary of the N.I.B., and a most successful and enjoyable evening was spent. Some 250 people attended the Birthday celebrations. The President (Mr. A. G. Dye) proposed the toast of the Immortal Memory in a brief but happy speech. At the March meeting there was a specially large attendance. Mr. G. S. Giller read an interesting paper on "Dickens as a Reader." Additional interest was given to the occasion by the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Moffat, of Gloucester; Mr. Moffat having heard Dickens read at Gloucester in March, 1866. Following the paper, Mr. Giller gave an excellent impersonation of Dickens, and read the author's own arrangement of the Peggotty scenes from *David Copperfield*. The President, Mr. A. G. Dye, occupied the chair at the April meeting, when the report and balance sheet were presented, showing a very satisfactory position. The sum of £5 was given to the Public Library for the purchase of books relating to Dickens. Mr. H. C. Ockenden is the new President of the branch. A presentation was made to Miss Twiss on her retirement from the Committee, on which she has put in many years of most useful service.

The Birthday Celebrations of the Blackburn Branch consisted of Dickens sketches and musical items; a Hot-Pot Supper was served during the interval to about 150 people. Alderman J. T. T. Ramsay, the President, in his remarks, said we were all agreed that the range of vision, the depth of insight, the power of revealing to us in few words our own everyday thoughts, made Dickens the power he was to-day. His great heart was the magnet. To him the Press never was just a position; it was a vocation, and he had disciplined himself to find his joy in being accounted as one who served. At the March meeting the members enjoyed several Dickens character studies in costume by Mr. Robert Lund, one of the members. A very interesting visitor at the March meeting of the Blackburn Branch was Mr. H. Abbott, who is one of the two surviving local men who heard Dickens give a reading in Blackburn. Mr. Abbott outlined his impressions of that great occasion and mentioned that the platform of the Exchange Hall was specially decorated with a lectern in the centre on which ten volumes were placed, although during his recital it was rarely that the novelist had occasion to refer to them. A unique feature of the meetings of the branch is that they are held under the same roof that which covered Dickens when he gave his readings there.

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At the February meeting of the Hackney and Stoke Newington Branch Mr. Frank S. Johnson gave a short but splendid recital. A debate then followed between Mr. W. Kent and Mr. J. H. McNulty on the subject "Can Dickens be expected to appeal to the rising generation?" It was keenly taken up by the audience, and the question decided in the affirmative. Mr. T. W. Hill acted as judge. Mr. Hill again visited the branch in March, and gave a delightful lecture on "The Origin of our Weights and Measures." The subject does not sound Dickensian, yet there were several direct references to Dickens in it, and the whole lecture was of a very bright and breezy nature. At the Annual Meeting in April, Mr. H. Mills presided and warmly thanked the Committee and all those who had assisted in making the session so successful. The success would have been greater, but almost every meeting had been held on a night when the weather was particularly bad. A lecture by Mr. Saunders, B.Sc., on "The Cockney Through the Ages" was given at the close of the business meeting. It was much appreciated, well discussed, and brought the session to a successful close.

* * * * *

The East Bay (California) Branch enjoyed a successful year under the presidency of Mr. John R. Edwards. By the end of the season the membership exceeded 150. The annual play was presented in November, under the direction of Dr. Lionel Stevenson, who dramatized the Crummles scenes of *Nicholas Nickleby* and played the title role. As a result of the performance, one hundred dollars was added to the Tiny Tim Fund. The Birthday Dinner was well attended, and the chief address was given by Professor A. F. Blanks, of the University of California, under the title "In a Pickwickian Sense." The regular monthly meetings have consisted of sketches, addresses, music, Christmas party and a lantern lecture on the Dickens country.

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Mr. J. Cooper Sands, in presenting the annual report to the members of the Nottingham Branch, said the season had been a very successful

ne, possibly the best experienced in the history of the branch. The membership had increased from 120 to 141, and all the meetings had been well attended. Five performances of *The Battle of Life* had been given, resulting in substantial donations to the College endowment fund and the Mablethorpe Cripples' Home. The Birthday was duly celebrated, and at the supper following 170 sat down. The branch was pleased that so large a number as nineteen had attended the Edinburgh conference, this constituting a record, and it was hoped to improve on that number at Bath.

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At the January meeting of the New York Branch, Mr. Edward F. Payne, President of the Boston Branch, gave an interesting address on two books recently published by him, in conjunction with Mr. Henry F. Harper, "The Romance of Charles Dickens and Maria Beadnell" and "The Charity of Charles Dickens." He told of the early love of Dickens for Maria Beadnell, and how it engrossed his entire thought, and left an indelible impression upon him. He also told of Dickens's interest in fallen women and the efforts he made to meliorate their condition, a phase of his life but little known. Mr. Bramer, the President, read a paper written by Miss Sarah Greer entitled "Oliver Twist and the Poor Law Amendment Act." Dr. Koichi Hasegawa, a Japanese, gave a most entertaining talk on the reaction to Dickens in Japan. His remarks were lightened with some humorous touches.

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The Birthday was celebrated by the New York Branch at the Hotel Brevoort. All the tables were decorated with artificial geraniums made and given by the children of the Rhinelander School for crippled Children, secured through the kind efforts of Mrs. Kilmer. Mr. Duffield gave the invocation; Mr. Bramer, President, was the master of ceremonies. One verse each of The Star Spangled Banner and God Save The King was sung by all present. Songs were rendered by Miss Charlotte Peege, accompanied by Mr. Harrison Hollander. We then listened to a most eloquent address by Dr. Robert Norwood, Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, which will be printed in full in the next number of *The Dickensian*. Mr. William Dike Reed closed with a toast to The Immortal Memory. At the March meeting Mr. Henry S. Sanders gave a paper on Dickens's first published work, *Sketches by Boz*. He emphasized the fact that these sketches furnish the foundation for many of the well-known Dickensian characters with which we are all familiar. The paper dwelt upon the humorous aspects of the sketches, and quoted a number of passages of a laughable or amusing nature, also upon the striking tendency of Dickens to affix to his characters names that are essentially odd, suggestive and descriptive. He closed with the statement that it was a remarkable work to have been written by a young man only twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. A dramatic recital by Dr. Frank Guy Armitage followed. He portrayed with remarkable vividness five Dickens characters.

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The Birthday of Dickens was duly honoured by the Montreal Branch when over two hundred and fifty members and friends sat down to dinner in the Windsor Hotel. Mr. J. Bruce Jordan, President of the branch, was in the chair. The toast of The Immortal Memory was given by the Rev. Canon A. P. Gower Rees in an eloquent address,

stressing the manner in which Dickens overcame his environment, and had been the means of making life easier and richer for others. Canon Gower Rees will be remembered in the North of England for his indefatigable ministry before leaving for Montreal. A most successful dramatic presentation of *David Copperfield* was given in March. At both performances the Victoria Hall, Westmount, was crowded to the doors. Chief honours fell to Herbert Davidson, who has been associated with the branch for upwards of twenty years. Taking the part of Micawber, he gave a performance that won well-merited rounds of applause. Uriah Heep and Peggotty were "doubled" by Fred Forrest, to whose untiring efforts much of the success of the play was due. Mrs. T. M. Barrington as Mrs. Gummidge, Miss Gertrude White as Betsy Trotwood, Miss Jose Sowards as Agnes, Miss Trixie Grindon as Little Em'ly, D. A. Martin as Steerforth, and Hal Grindon as David contributed also to the popularity of the production. Praise, too, is due to Miss M. MacLeod, whose Mrs. Micawber was excellent support to Mr. Davidson's impersonation of the immortal Wilkins.

* * * * *

The October meeting of the Vancouver Branch was the one hundred and thirty-first meeting since its inception in 1921. Those in office for the season of 1929-1930 are: Mrs. G. W. Edwards, president; Mr. Noel Robinson, vice-president; Mrs. J. D. Watts, secretary; Miss Winifred Camp, treasurer. His Honour, Judge Howay, of New Westminster, is honorary president. One general meeting is now held each month. A well-chosen executive aids the progress of the branch and the meetings have had a good Dickensian spirit. The Christmas meeting was a very pleasant affair; Mr. Aubrey Goodall recited the greater part of *A Christmas Carol*. The Birthday Dinner was a delightful gathering. Mrs. Edwards was in the chair. The Immortal Memory was given by Rev. J. William Ogden.

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When visiting Vancouver, Mrs. Fairbairn, treasurer of the Edmonton Branch, got in touch with Mrs. Watts, secretary of the Vancouver Branch, thus showing the good spirit of fellowship that animates Dickensians. Mrs. Fairbairn was hostess at tea at Spencer's Department Store, where, from the sixth floor, a magnificent view was obtained over Burrard Inlet and the mountains of North Vancouver.

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One hundred and twenty "lonely" folk were entertained to a Christmas party by the Hull Branch. After the guests had participated in a truly Yorkshire tea, the President, Mr. Harold Kellington, extended a warm welcome to everyone, and in a few words diffused the Dickensian spirit. One hundred and ten guests attended the Birthday Dinner. Mr. Harold Kellington was in the chair. Mr. Ralph H. Mottram proposed the toast of the Immortal Memory, and said that we value Dickens not so much because he was a great literary character, but because he was a great human being. His Honour, Judge Beazley supported Mr. Mottram, and the Lord Mayor responded to the toast of The Guests. Mr. Ern Shaw gave the toast of The Ladies, Mrs. Fred Scholes responding in a very charming manner. At the Annual Meeting the President congratulated the branch on their satisfactory season; the membership had increased and their financial position was very satisfactory. During the evening a presentation was made to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Scholes in recognition of their valuable work.

extending over many years. Mr. and Mrs. Scholes are leaving Hull for London, and they will be very much missed.

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At the Birthday meeting of the Melbourne Branch a paper, "Gabriel grub at the Movies," was read by Miss Frances Fraser. The comical idea of Gabriel's visions underground being regarded as a cinema afforded much amusement. Mr. Frank Russell, the well-known arrister and journalist, in an entertaining manner, described Dickens as really a journalist all through his career and ascribed his success to that fact. Mrs. E. Ashton arranged a musical programme, which was well performed. The March meeting was favoured by a fine series of lantern views of London, interspersed with some valuable information regarding their Dickens association. The lecturer was Captain Donald McLean, a well-known speaker from Melbourne's wireless stations.

* * * * *

A Victorian Tea Party was held by the Eastbourne Branch in February in honour of Dickens's Birthday. A number of members were in Victorian dress, and the evening of sketches, songs and recitations proved a very enjoyable one. On the 4th March Mr. Frank S. Johnson gave a miscellaneous dramatic recital, which was very much enjoyed. On the 19th March a dramatic entertainment, under the direction of Miss Mosley, was given in aid of the organ fund of the Congregational Church. A number of motor coach drives are arranged for the summer months; if members from other branches who are visiting Eastbourne would like to join in these will they please communicate with the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Greaves, 9 Upland Road, Eastbourne?

* * * * *

The Blackpool Branch reports that its activities during the second half of the session have been pursued with the vigour of its own bracing breezes. At the January meeting five episodes in *Pickwick* were very successfully dealt with by five members. The Birthday Dinner in February was as great a success as usual, and although the wearing of Dickensian costumes had hitherto been compulsory, on this occasion the rule was relaxed and the result was that only a few ladies appeared in character. For the lecture on February 21st, by Mr. John Hall, the subject was "Pickwick as Simpleton, Romantic Adventurer, Night Errand, and Peter Pan." This proved to be an exhaustive, splendid paper, which provoked a capital and lively discussion. A joint meeting with the Blackpool Literary and Scientific Society was an innovation which proved most successful, papers being read on Mrs. Gaskell, Anthony Trollope, and Tennyson. The last meeting on March 20th was a social gathering at the Cramonde Cafe, with whist, supper, music and games, under the direction of the popular Vice-president, Mr. J. W. Leach. This event was made the occasion of a presentation to Mr. Fred Buckley, the Hon. Secretary of the branch.

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This opportunity ought not to be allowed to go by without paying tribute to the Chairman of the Council of the Blackpool Branch, Mr. Greaves. In him the Fellowship is well served. His intimate knowledge of Dickens and his works is of unfailing interest to the members. When other speakers fail and ideas flee, they can always rely upon him to fill the breach with apt remark and quotation. He

has never missed a meeting since his appointment three years ago and is essentially the right man in the right place. The annual meeting on May 1st revealed the branch to be in a sound, healthy, flourishing condition, with a balance very much on the right side, a growing membership, and a highly satisfactory state generally.

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At the February meeting of the Bromley Branch, Mr. S. Davis read a paper on "Some Solicitors of Dickens." Mr. T. W. Hill was in the chair. On the 19th March Mr. McNulty gave his lecture on "The Opening Chapters of Dickens," which proved most interesting and fascinating to the large number of members present. Mr. W. E. Betts, the President of the branch, occupied the chair. The Annual Dinner was held in March at "The George and Vulture." The chair was taken by Mr. W. E. P. Betts. Mr. Hill proposed the toast of the Immortal Memory in an appropriate speech, and "The Bromley Branch" was proposed by Mr. A. W. Edwards, the Hon. Secretary of the Fellowship, and Mr. Taylor replied. The toast of the President was proposed by Mr. H. Alderton, Secretary of the branch. One interesting feature of the dinner was a guessing competition arranged in aid of the work of the branch in connection with Guy's Hospital.

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The Old Hall, Lincoln's Inn, was filled to overflowing on April 28th the occasion being the annual general meeting and members' night. The notification of certain dramatic sketches which were to be given had evidently aroused keen interest. The business proceedings, under the able chairmanship of Lt.-Col. Gadd, were quickly disposed of. An excellent report of the year's proceedings by the Hon. Secretary Mr. A. W. Edwards, was listened to with much interest, and adopted *unanimously*. The retiring Committee, fourteen in number, were unanimously re-elected, and the vacancy caused by the lamented death of Mr. W. H. Banks was filled by the election of that indefatigable worker, Mrs. G. Ernest Hodd.

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Bleak House being the book for the year, papers were appropriately given on "Its legal aspect," by Mr. Percy T. Carden; "Its medical aspect," by Dr. Henry Johnson, and "Its literary aspect," by Mr. J. H. McNulty. The first proved that the great *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* case was no exaggeration, but could be matched by actual facts. The second proved that the spontaneous combustion of Mr. Krook was a physical impossibility, and that Dickens had been misled by early and unreliable so-called scientific authorities. And Mr. McNulty proved to his own satisfaction that *Bleak House* was one of Dickens's three greatest books, and to the satisfaction of the entire audience that he is the wittiest and most eloquent speaker we have in our ranks. He had a great reception. The Chairman then explained that the sketches which were to follow might be more correctly described as dramatic recitals in costume. No "props" were available except a table and two or three chairs, and all the characters had to make their entrance and their exits through one door. The fact that, in spite of these disabilities, the actors created their own "atmosphere" successfully in each one of the five scenes, is a striking testimony to their ability. The players were Mesdames Jolly, Marjorie Davies, Alice Holmes Hunt, Ruth Whittaker; Messrs. Fullwood, Wm. Reed, Speakman. Where all did so excellently it would be invidious to single out any for special mention, except to congratulate Miss Jolly on her praiseworthy

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work as producer, and particularly on her delightful rendering of *Melba* in the final scene.

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The collection at Mr. Frank S. Johnson's recital of *A Christmas Carol*, at Lincoln's Inn Hall, reported on page 154 of the last number amounted to £13 3s. 0d.

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The Informal Dinner at the Quadrant Restaurant after the April Council Meeting was a great success, although larger numbers had been anticipated. Members of Headquarters were delighted to welcome the many branch representatives who attended, and look forward to a much larger gathering next year.

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Rambles and lectures have been the activities of the St. Pancras Branch. The Rev. Geo. McNeal conducted a party over Wesleyan Chapel and Bunhill Fields in February. In March Mr. Rust had a very large party for the Houses of Parliament, and in April the ramble was round Hornsey and Miswell Hill. The lectures included one by Mr. Roffey on "The Pilgrim's Way"; the dramatic section provided the very successful evening on March 17th, and were again in evidence on the Members' Evening in April, with sketches from *Bleak House*. All these functions have been well attended.

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The Edmonton (Alberta) Branch has completed its fourth year with an enthusiastic membership of over one hundred. Most enjoyable programmes have been provided every fortnight, and a study group has also met twice a month. The season finished with a dramatic representation of *Oliver Twist*, which was acclaimed by the Press to be the best amateur show ever seen in Edmonton. The play was adopted by members, and the whole production, scene painting, properties, costumes, lighting and incidental music, was all the work of members. A very creditable performance indeed. The Dickens Players of Edmonton are to be highly congratulated on their achievement.

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The Buenos Aires Branch has sixty-six members, and meets at regular intervals at the rooms of the Argentine Association of English Culture. Lectures have been given by Rev. Father William on *Bleak House*; by Mr. J. Esmond Croll on *Great Expectations* and on *Barnaby Rudge*; by Mr. J. Monteith Drysdale on *Oliver Twist* and *A Tale of Two Cities*. The lectures were followed by readings from the books dealt with and discussions, and all proved very popular.

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For the Birthday celebration, the Manchester Branch revived for four nights "The House of Dombey," adapted by Mrs. Teignmouth Shore and Walter Dexter. The net proceeds, £90 8s. 9d., were given to the Greengate Hospital and Open-air School. Short papers on *Bleak House* occupied the March meeting. Mr. G. F. Gadd gave an appreciation of the book, stating it to be one of the last examples of Dickens's work. Miss Biggs said the keynote of the book was deferred hope, and those who had suffered readily understood and sympathised with an unfortunate class of suitors. Many members took part in the bright discussion which followed. The Dean of Manchester has been elected President of the branch for the coming year.

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Report received too late for insertion from Leyton.

Southampton Branch report appears on page 240.

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